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Volume CLXXX No. 2357 The SPHERE, London, March 24, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

COBLENZ IS CAPTURED BY THE AMERICAN THIRD ARMY: THE CROSSING OF THE MOSELLE RIVER IN THE EARLY MORNING OF SATURDAY, MARCH 17.
Jeeps and infantry of General Patton's Army preparing to cross for the attack on the great German city

The capture of Coblenz was effected by means of a frontal, amphibious assault across the Moselle near its confluence with the Rhine. The troops in assault boats, began pouring into the northern section of the city in darkness at 3 a.m. against light resistance ; while others, who crossed the river below the city, moved up from the south-west. At seven o'clock in the morning Coblenz was regarded as in Allied hands : by evening of the same day nine-tenths of the town had been cleared, and the remaining tenth was secured shortly after. The attack on the ancient citadel had been in progress for ten days after General Patton's spectacular dash to the Rhine. Its capture by the Americans must have proved a bitter blow for the enemy, for Coblenz has always been regarded as one of the historic centres of the Rhineland

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 290

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Last Fling ?—If I were a wizard of strategy, or a magician who could televise the mind of Hitler, I should subscribe to a view recently set forth by General Martin in the *Daily Telegraph*—that the Nazis' last hopes are now centred on a large-scale counter-offensive (with all the scrapings of the pot) aimed to punch through the Ostrava gap towards Warsaw again. This punch would not only ward off immediate danger to the Bavarian last ditch, but might well halt the Berlin-front offensive by disrupting the vital communications of Koniev and even Zhukov. That halt might enable the new U-boat offensive to make things more embarrassing, and would give one last chance for Wehrmacht reorganisation and V-weapon perfection. It sounds sense. Such evidences as have come to hand point that way; the desperate efforts at Lake Balaton support them. But what we do not know much about is the potentialities of pot-scraping. Hitler's latest oration significantly suggested that nothing remains in his mind to hope for, save only to avoid a 1918-pattern defeat. That again is evidence pointing to a last punch from Czechoslovakia. But I am neither wizard nor magician and (with Sherlock Holmes) "I don't insist on it." I dare say Stalin knows all about it, which is more than I do. Meanwhile, the affair marches, and what Hitler may gain on the swings in the East, he will lose on the Ruhr and Rhine roundabouts. For, at least and at last, we know that he can't be strong everywhere.

Home for Heroes.—What may our fighting man look forward to here in England when wars shall cease? All political parties are unshakably pledged to secure to him, as soon as may be, freedom from want, and from anxiety about unemployment, ill-health, under-nourishment of his children, and so on. All these are good things—things he deserves; things his father deserved and did not get. A grateful country has promised them once more. But even necessities must be paid for. His country is grateful, and feels generous. But it has no purse of its own. It is generous on "borrowed" money. It is going to borrow and take *his* money to pay for *his* benefits. Does he realise that? And it is going to borrow more than his money. It is going to borrow his freedom and mortgage his life. Does our fighting man realise completely the price he will pay for these overdue necessities? Suppose he dreams of settling down on a 50-acre farm, employing two hands, owning a motor car and a small house, properties which will require several kinds of fuel and feeding stuffs; a condition of life necessitating licences, authorities, permits, returns; uncountable, inquisitive, redundant and unintelligible. Does he, serving abroad, realise that already—so greatly have Bureaucracy and its regulations and forms multiplied—a man so conditioned is compelled to fill up *in a year over* 230 *forms of various kinds* just to "keep going" with his daily needs, his P.A.Y.E, his income tax, farm returns, central and local government requirements, etc.? Does he realise that after the war his new freedoms will double again the personnel of Bureaucracy, multiply the forms, greatly increase his contributions to Insurance and to the Exchequer, and so "fix" him that he will be compelled to master, and fill in, one way and another, *one form for every day in the year*, merely in order to exist? Those freedoms are all good and desirable, but our fighting man is to win them only by surrendering to slavery. He will be a slave to his desk, a well-tended serf to Bureaucracy.

THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSES THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE IN LONDON and outlines his election plans to the 2,000 delegates. The scene in the hall as the sun came streaming through the windows during the course of Mr. Churchill's speech: The Premier's address was one of the most important party speeches for many years. During its course he made his own attitude quite clear on a great number of controversial matters, the chief of which was Post-War Controls. At the end of the speech all the delegates sang lustily "For He 's a Jolly Good Fellow." On the Prime Minister's right are Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Ralph Assheton, the party chairman, Sir George Courthope, President of the National Union of the Conservative and Unionist Associations, Mr. Eden, and Captain Lyttelton, Minister of Production. On his left are Mr. R. Catterall, immediate ex-chairman of the Conservative Central Council, and (arms folded) Mr. James Stuart, the Chief Whip. In the second row (behind Mr. Catterall) is Brigadier G. S. Harvie Watt, Mr. Churchill's Parliamentary Private Secretary.

Stealing Election Thunder.—This life of struggle and adventure, failure and success, the hard battle of life, the battle for survival of the fittest, in the centuries past wrote many a grim page, recorded many a social shame and personal tragedy in the book of our history. But it made of us a race which could always *show its teeth* to the enemies of our freedom. To show our teeth to the dental inspector when he inspects our "Englishmen's Castles" is not the same thing. . . . Now all this is fairly gross exaggeration, I frankly admit. But it is a fair measure of the degree of slavery to Bureaucracy and its forms, to which already we have succumbed, that my exaggeration will pass as reasonable truth among the more embittered of readers, who feel that life under war controls is already past bearing. And now, as you have observed, Mr. Churchill, that master of Strategy, has *tumbled to the truth*, and with his pronouncement of Conservative policy, that party has caught the Socialists bathing and stolen the only workaday clothes for General Election day! The Liberals are on the fence (as usual); the Socialists are bathing stark naked in the waters of State Control, which must multiply and worse confound the confusion of forms and inquisitions whatever else it may do or fail to do; and Mr. Churchill, that shrewd party leader, has stolen the clothes and the thunder. His finger felt surely for the public pulse. He jumped to it that the General Election will be an issue: "*Freedom for the individual or Slavery to Bureaucracy.*" And he got in just in time. But you will admit he left it rather late, and his clear call implies a certain amount of *recantation* in the broad issue of whole-hog, instantaneous Beveridge-ism. Very wisely and at last, the Conservatives declare that Utopia unlimited must advance by prudent steps and tests and trials, not by a wave of the magician's wand.

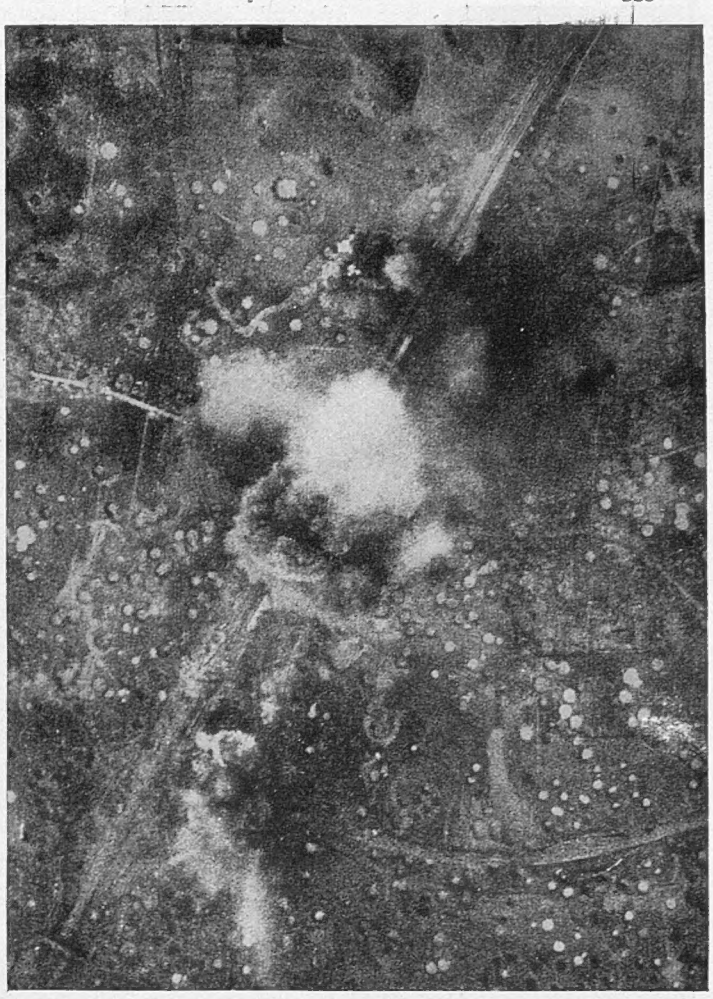
The Case for Coalition.—I dislike coalitions. But to-day the case for continuing coalition Government far into the peace is overwhelming. And even coalition Government does not suffice to deal with the extraordinary situation in which we stand politically to-day. All our political parties are coiled ready to spring into the party dog-fight as soon as the trumpet sounds. All have realised that whole-hog Beveridge-ism must stand in the centre of their political shop-windows. All parties and all candidates, therefore, for whom we might cast our votes, are pledged *not* to tell the voter the naked truth. The naked truth is: (1) A nation's financial condition is exactly the same as an individual man's. When one of Trollope's country squires mortgaged his house and lands to the hilt, sold off his stock, parted with his investments and borrowed heavily of the Jews, none of his neighbours believed that he could build a bigger mansion, take a "house in town" for the season, carry on as M.F.H., and keep carriages for his womenfolk. They knew that henceforth he must "live very private" in Calais. Britain is in that state to-day. But every party is pledged to a squandermania and an instant rebuilding on squandermania lines of every institution in our lives. No party dare admit the *risk* of the gamble. (2) Beveridge-ism implies more than a wild financial gamble. It implies the piling of a new Pelion of forms and regulations on the Ossa of forms, etc., which already are breaking the hearts and backs of the citizen. Already fettered to Bureaucracy, we shall find our fetters redoubled inevitably. The public does not yet realise this awful fact. (3) Beveridge-ism must be paid for. The State has no money. Your money and mine finance the State; your labour and mine. Only 1 per cent. of the population yet comprehends this simple truth; 99 per cent. regard the State as an inexhaustibly wealthy milch-cow.

A Hundred Spenders and A'.—Someone declared in Parliament the other day that in the present administration there are upward of a hundred Ministers. I count forty-five Departments of State or Ministries, excluding the Law Officers and the King's Household. Most of these have one or even two Under-Secretaries or Parliamentary Secretaries, so that "three figures" is probably correct. What would Gladstone have said in '82? There is no doubt that Ministries and Departments have doubled since 1914. He would be a rash man who would declare that administrative efficiency has "doubled" as a result, but a fair-minded man would admit that the complexity and difficulty of public affairs have constantly increased. Nevertheless, some of these mushroom Ministries are never named but in the same breath with failure and confusion. We were (as always) assured that they were war necessities and would vanish, like nightmares, with the dawn of peace. But some survived the last war and are now as established as the Treasury; and whenever the suppression of any of the present growth is urged, good reasons are given (and accepted) for their reprieve *sine die*. M.E.W. still mews its records of business done. The M.F.P. will bungle on "till truth makes all things plain." M.O.I. will do the work the Press can do far better, far into peace. There will be "Ministers Resident" throughout the world to watch our interests in peace and war. The Ministry of Supply will be vitally needed for the battle of industrial production, picking at the work of B.O.T. and Aircraft production. Town and Country Planning is only just beginning its career; so is National Insurance. War Transport will change its name to Peace Transport, and so on.

Old Man of the Sea.—The one Ministry we shall never get is a Ministry to curb the expenditure of Ministries. Once the Treasury looked after that job thoroughly. To-day the best we can achieve in the watchdog line is a Committee of Parliament which makes recommendations after the event and sometimes suggests retrenchments or expresses concern over proven acts of squandermania, to which no one in authority pays the slightest attention. Bureaucracy is the Old Man of the Sea. No country ever, except by revolution, succeeds in unseating him. We shall carry to the grave our forty-five-plus Ministries, and their personnel will swell and swell until freedom from fear of unemployment is won at last by the process of absorbing every worker into Government employment. It is not a "long-term" planning. It is just about as simple and sane as that blessed state wherein a community ekes out existence by "taking in each other's washing." Every war has doubled Bureaucracy. Every war has let loose a Bedlam of squandermania. In 1919, money was thrown about like so much chaff in the wind. The inevitable reaction swings back to the other extreme of lunacy. At the crater edge of bankruptcy, we begin to cheese-pare on the Navy, the Army, our means to defend ourselves. So it will be again. But, through it all, in squandermania or cheese-paring, the mushroom Ministries survive, fatten and batten.

THE OLD STAGER

THE RAILWAY VIADUCT AT BIELEFELD photographed on March 5 before the new 10-ton bombs destroyed it. The target had previously been attacked this year by both American and R.A.F. heavy bombers



DURING THE ATTACK ON BIELEFELD, when the new 22,000-lb. bombs were used on the railway viaduct. Bombs are here seen bursting on the target. The viaduct runs diagonally across the picture from top right to bottom left

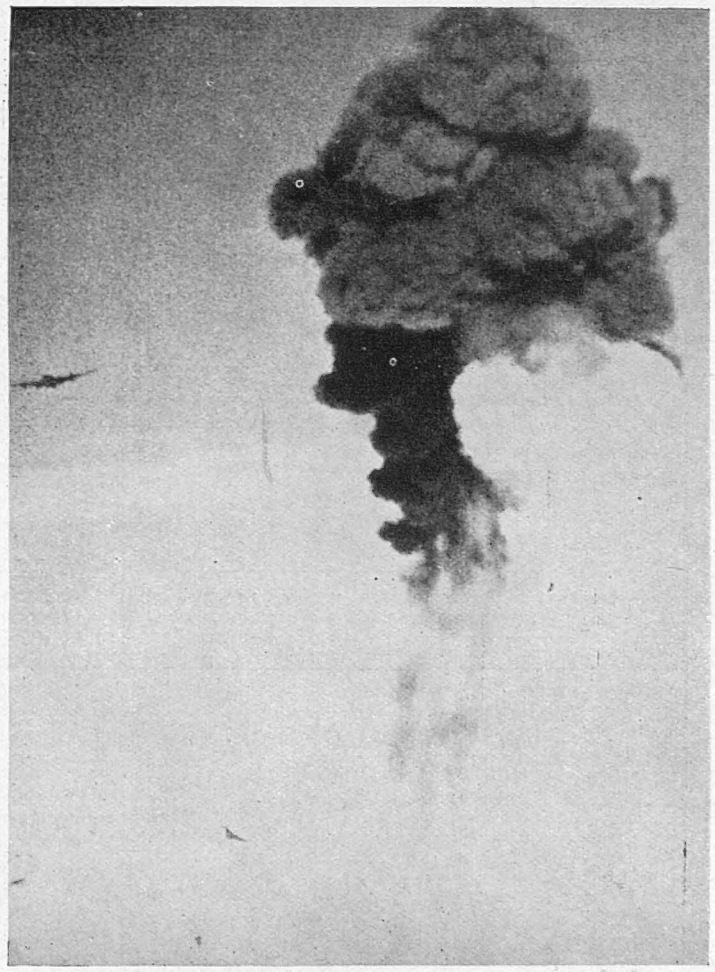
THE BIELEFELD VIADUCT

ATTACKED WITH THE NEW BRITISH 10-TON BOMBS

And Two Other Pictures of the Great Air Onslaught on German Production Centres

THE RAILWAY VIADUCT PHOTOGRAPHED ON MARCH 17 after the attack by Bomber Command on March 14 with 22,000-lb. and 12,000-lb. bombs. The huge size of the craters can be appreciated when compared with the house close by. Examination by experts of the photographs taken after the daylight attack on the railway viaduct at Bielefeld—against which the R.A.F.'s new 10-ton bomb was used for the first time—show the damage to be even more complete than was at first realised. As a result of the attack on March 14, 1945, by Lancasters of R.A.F. Bomber Command, the two parallel viaducts have been wrecked over a length of more than a hundred yards, nearly one-third of the over-all length of the structure. Three spans of one of the viaducts had already been destroyed in an earlier attack. The great piers supporting seven of the spans of the Southern Viaduct have entirely disappeared. Only the stumps remain of the piers which carried seven of the spans of the other. Twenty-two-thousand and 12,000-lb bombs were used in the attack on March 14 by R.A.F. Bomber Command

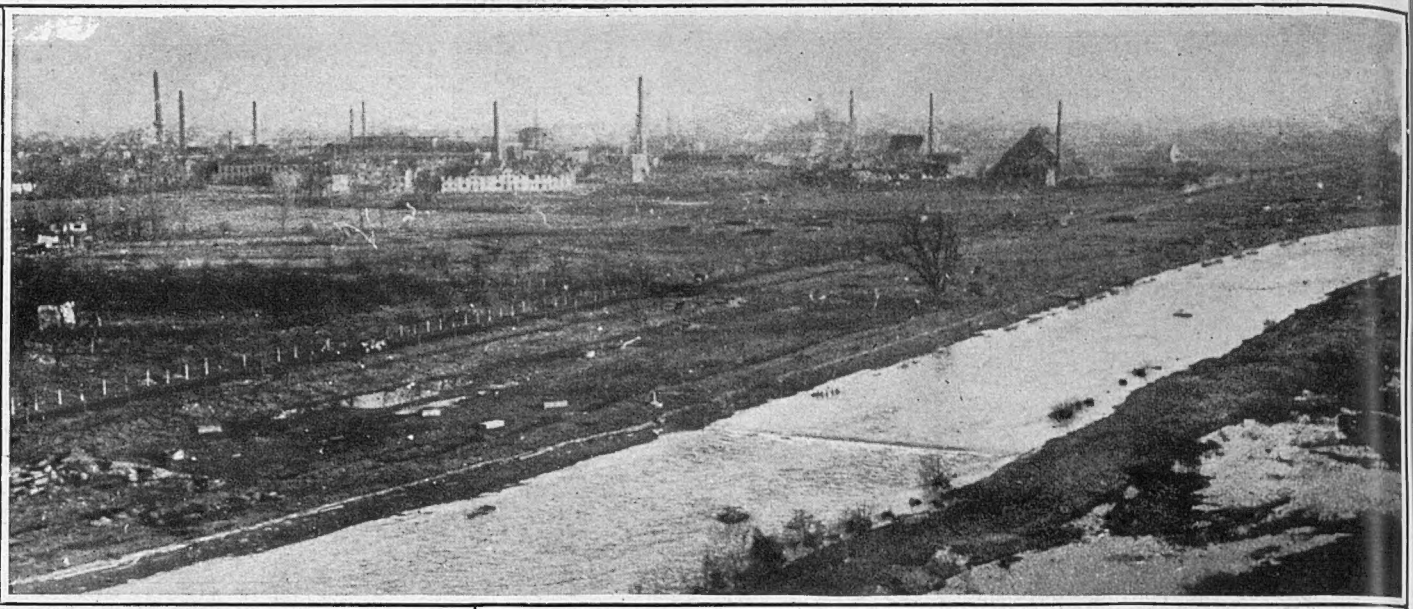
AFTER THE 1,000-PLANE ATTACK ON ESSEN ON MARCH 11, the biggest day raid of the war: Between 4,000 and 5,000 tons were dropped on the great German production centre in half an hour. Pilots reported that the clouds were pushed up by the heat and smoke rising from the town below. This picture shows the disturbed cloud, with the smoke being pushed up through it; it was taken from 17,000-19,000 ft. above the target, so that it can be realised to what great heights the huge banks of smoke had risen



ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN DURING THE DAYLIGHT ATTACK ON ESSEN. In order to frighten the air-crews taking part in big raids over Germany, the enemy are now using "scarecrows," such as the one seen above. These are devices fired into the air to simulate an aircraft being shot down. They were first reported to be in use some months ago, but this is amongst the first pictures actually to depict one in the air

HOW THE GREAT OFFENSIVE WAS LAUNCHED

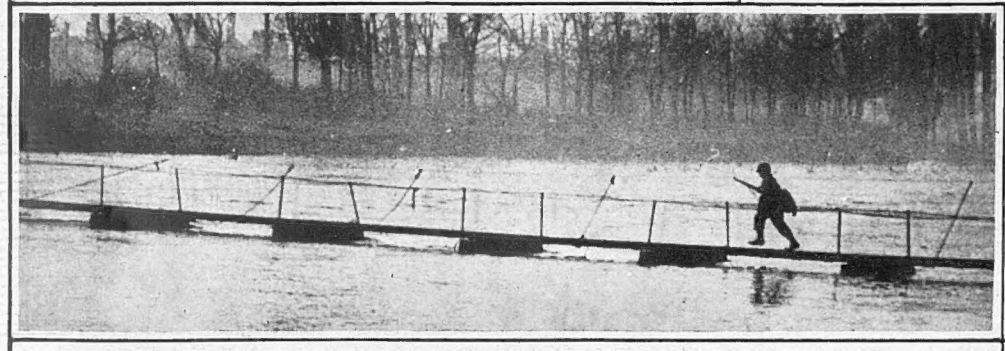
The Foot Bridges Flung Across the Roer River by the U.S. Army



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RIVER ROER, with the chimney-stacks of industrial Duren showing up in the background. The river had been flooded, but had gone back within its banks, although fields were still under water in the vicinity

On left—Heavy vehicles carrying pontoons and making their way to the Roer for the construction of treadway bridges

1—*Above*—At dawn, February 23 : A bridge is rushed to the river. The buildings on the far side were in German hands



2—The first crossings were made by assault parties of American infantrymen. When this picture was taken, the foot-bridge was already under mortar- and machine-gun-fire from the Germans on the other side of the Roer River

3—One of the wounded infantrymen is brought back to the west bank by stretcher-bearers. Dead soldiers are lying astraddle the narrow foot-bridge

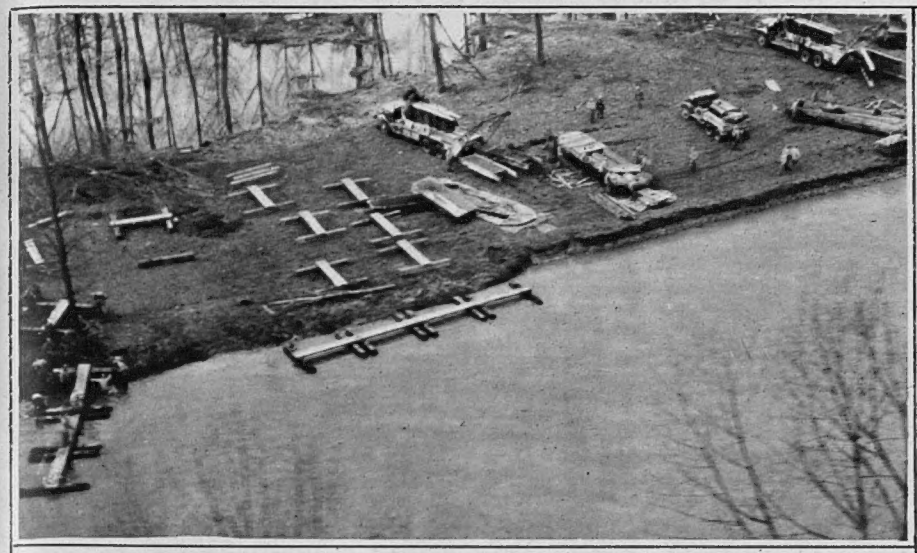
4—Combat engineers charge a German position 60 yards from the bridge after having been sniped at whilst carrying out repairs

5—Germans surrendering to the Americans. Note the soldier at the rear looking anxiously over his shoulder to guard against a Nazi surprise

6—Night picture of tracer shells shooting towards the German positions over the terrific smoke-screen covering bridge-building operations

7—As the moon sets, tracers from the American Bofors guns shoot across the Roer River. The river is marked by the line of trees

8—Once across the river, the troops cast off their lifebelts : the far bank was littered with them before they were salvaged



SECTIONS OF THE PONTOON-FOOT-BRIDGES AND ASSAULT BOATS used by the U.S. Ninth Army for the surprise crossing of the Roer on the morning of February 23. They had been brought right up to the river-bank by the American engineers

ENGINEERS PREPARE A ROAD OF WIRE-NETTING leading to an assault bridge. This was designed to allow the passage of heavy traffic after the first assault troops had crossed by the specially-constructed foot-bridges

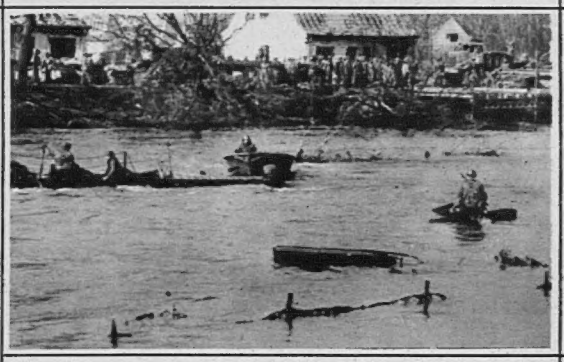
9—In the flooded streets of the town of Julich: American assault troops wade through to their assigned objectives

10—A smashed bridge begins to sink. A wounded soldier is about to be passed over a dead American when a shell cuts the bridge in two

11—One of the bridges smashed by enemy mortars is sinking as the weight of extra men proves too heavy for the frail construction

The battle for the west bank of the Rhine began in grim earnest with the crossing of the River Roer, which the Germans had hoped would serve them as a strong defence line. The attack opened on February 23, when surprise crossings of the river were made over foot-bridges run up in the dawn by the engineers of the U.S. Ninth Army. During the course of the crossings the dramatic pictures reproduced on these pages were secured by photographers under shell-fire from the Germans on the east bank.

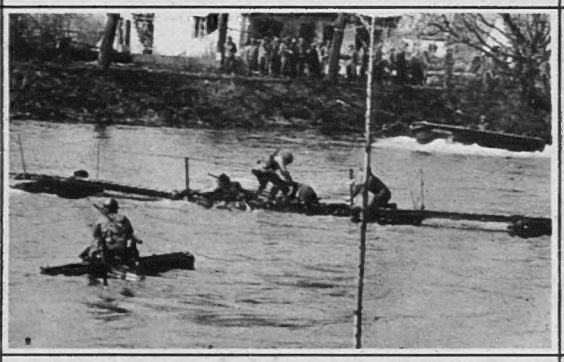
The river had been flooded, but by dawn on the 23rd the waters had subsided somewhat: nevertheless, the Roer was swollen beyond its normal width—and there was a strong, 5-mile current flowing. Whilst the bridges were being run across, and then during the actual crossing by the infantry, the Germans maintained a heavy mortar- and shell-fire bombardment, which resulted in the breaking of many of the flimsy structures and the loss of many lives.



12—A motor-boat noses in to the bridge right beside a soldier as he pulls himself up. The man on the right is floating helplessly away

13—The bridge has collapsed utterly, but it swings alongside the motor-boat, enabling the Americans to clamber aboard

14—An American soldier lies dead during the crossing of the Roer. He was killed almost as soon as he set foot on the bridge



15—The bridge, freed of the weight of the men seen in the two upper pictures, springs buoyantly back into position and the rescue work goes on

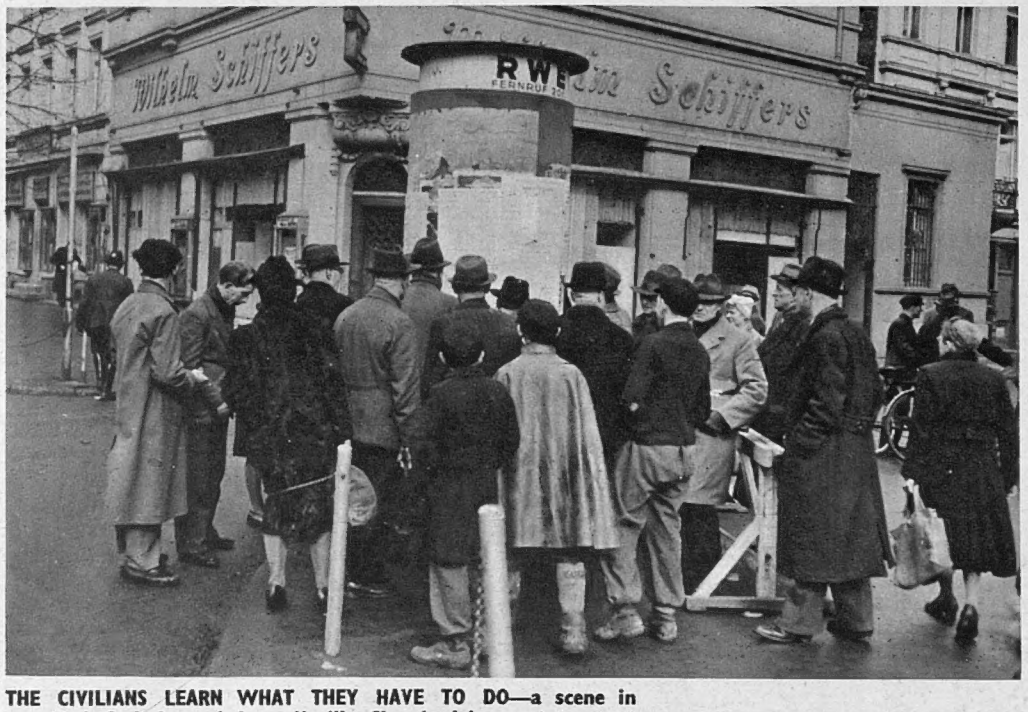
16—This is the fate that overtook many of the foot-bridges. They were severed by the enemy's constant mortar- and shell-fire from the eastern bank

17—Americans hang on grimly as a bridge swings wildly in the current. Note how few men are visible on the opposite bank

18—Military Police searching Volksgrenadier prisoners for weapons before sending them back to the prisoner-of-war cages on the west bank

GERMANY under ALLIED OCCUPATION

Scenes in the Areas West of the Rhine Now Being Administered by the British and American Armies



THE CIVILIANS LEARN WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO—a scene in Bad Godesberg (where Neville Chamberlain went to meet Hitler) after the entry of the Allies : The instructions posted on the hoarding have been issued by the Military Government. One of them calls for the surrender of all weapons possessed by the civilian population

A GERMAN POLICEMAN IN BAD GODESBERG supervises the collection of civilian weapons, under the surveillance of the American military authorities

GERMAN CIVILIANS LOOT FOOD VANS : Young children drag a handcart, loaded with goods looted from a wrecked lorry, through a village now taken over by the American Army

CIVILIANS SEARCH THE WRECKAGE of a food van, destroyed during the enemy retreat, in a German town near the River Rhine

CAUGHT IN THE TIDE OF PATTON'S GREAT DRIVE, youngsters struggle with cases of food and pass them down to other civilians to carry home : As units of Patton's 4th Armoured Division thrust their way towards the Rhine, they found many villages and towns desperately short of food. When troops of the U.S. Army passed through the captured towns, they found German women and children looting trucks and searching amid the debris, some carrying cases of food, while others employed hand-carts to cart away goods which the retreating German soldiers were unable to take with them

IN MUNCHEN-GLADBACH, THE GREAT GERMAN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE: Civilians read Proclamation No. 1 issued by the Allied Military Government unit just established in the city. In many of the pictures now coming out of Germany, the number of young men still in civilian clothes has proved very surprising to English observers

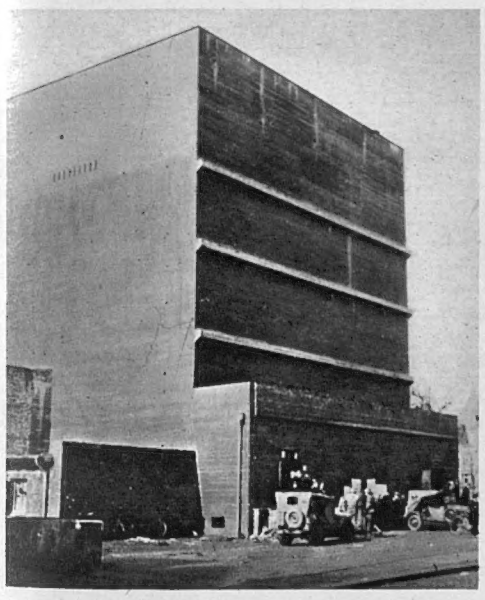
CITIZENS OF MUNCHEN-GLADBACH GATHER OUTSIDE A LITTLE SHOP to obtain their bread rations : The windows are well stocked with many things, the people are well nourished and well clad, but devastation and bomb damage exist on every hand in most of the Rhine towns, as testimony to Allied bomb raids carried out over a long period

FEEDING THE HUNGRY MASTER FOLK—a scene in the Manheim sector after the civilian population had been left by the German Army to their own devices

THE AMERICANS TAKE OVER THE FEEDING OF THE GERMAN CIVILIAN POPULATION: Men, women and children in the Manheim sector were left destitute after their armies had retreated across the Rhine. Disorderly queues were formed after feeding-centres had been organised by the Americans. Members of an Armoured Division of the First Army supervised the distribution to the many hundreds of civilians, who would otherwise have suffered severely from hunger. Children were supplied with milk, and Army rations were issued to the men and women

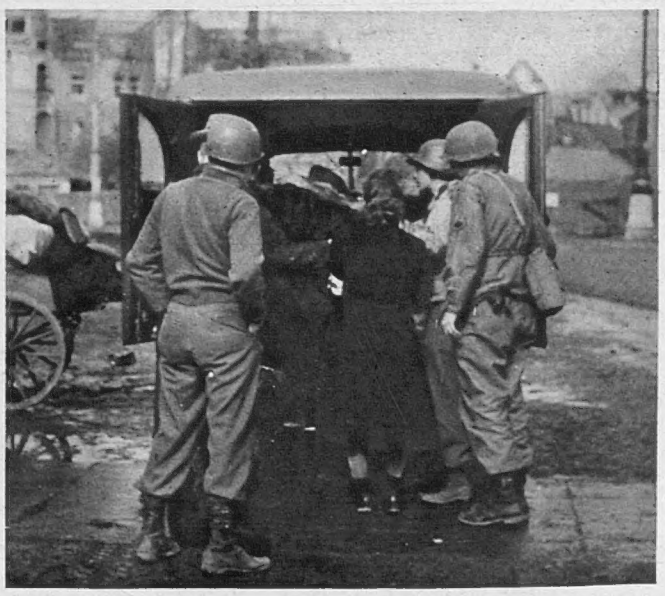
QUESTIONING GERMAN CIVILIANS—A SCENE IN KREFELD as infantrymen of the Ninth Army rounded up the remaining citizens to search for concealed arms and to question suspects. This is a form of supervision to which all Germans must now submit, for security reasons, in the occupied zones

MEMBERS OF THE HASTILY-FORMED VOLKSSTURM IN COLOGNE. A German Lieutenant accompanies them. The Home Guards are wearing civilian clothes, with an armlet, to denote their combatant status. Apparently there is a shortage of uniforms



THE AIR-RAID HOME OF THE CIVILIANS OF BONN: One of the huge concrete shelters in which the population have been living for several months, for protection from the heavy and constant Allied bombing attacks

THE SURRENDER OF THE CAVE-DWELLERS: Some Germans found refuge in cellars; others (as can be seen here) have lived in shanties built into caves in the cliffs of a ravine. Note the display of a white flag of surrender



A SICK GERMAN WOMAN is helped into an American ambulance: She was removed from one of the "bunker" air-raid shelters in Bonn, in which she had been living for the past few months for shelter from the Allied air raids. Many thousands of Germans throughout the Rhineland have been living in similar fashion deep underground

THREE STATUES ON THE RHINE

At Bonn, Coblenz and Bingen—the three Chief Centres of the Rhineland, in the Deutsches Eck, or German Corner

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN Germans thought of the Rhine—and it was part of the Might-is-Right policy to engrain the *Rheingefuehl* (devotion) in them so that the Race should have a permanent springboard for war when the spirit moved—when the Germans experienced that Rhine feeling, their vista converged on the hundred-and-some miles between Bonn and Bingen. Cologne, if you like, because of its Dom and old market-place, and as departure point, but the real *wunderschoen* heart-throb began at Bonn and it scarcely extended to Mainz.

North of Cologne, the Rhine was so much sausage to them, and from Mainz to Schaffhausen it was not far short of sausage, except for a certain amount of *Rheingefuehl* relating to the Strasbourg-Baden region. From Bonn to Bingen was the thing, and to-day I want you to stop at three statues along the way and see what they give us.

Standing against a background of the University buildings is, or was, a statue of old Emperor William the First. Bonners used to tell me of the regrettable coincidence by which the unveiling by William II fell on the very day that all Germany was rocking to the Captain of Koepenick, and how the crowd could not help tittering as stern, moustached Majesty

IN THE CITY OF BONN, after its occupation by the Americans: The tablet on the wall of the house in which the great composer Ludwig von Beethoven was born in 1770

reviewed his *Pickelhauben*. How, too, the planned ceremonial at the Borussen Haus, the students' association affected by the Hohenzollerns, was curtailed to allow a livid Emperor to regain Berlin and visit his wrath on those who had let the leg be pulled of that sacred institution far above mirth, the German Army.

Bonn could still titter at the Hohenzollerns in 1906, and, what is more, most of them did not like, or want, that statue which, as one might say, was grafted on the patient against his will. Indeed, in subsequent years rose-pink old William used to have rude remarks inscribed upon him. Catholic students, keeping alive a last echo of the Rhenish Centrum M.P.'s war-cry, would pop up periodically with a black-brushed *Los von Berlin!* Another form of demonstration was to refuse to wear a melon on Kaiser's Birthday, when we would be drawn up in the adjacent Hofgarten (melon=bowler). An undercurrent of the old, free, peaceful Germany still subsisted at Bonn almost up to the last war, and it was the more commendable in as much as the Prussians had long made a dead-set at this seat of learning.

That was why all the Hohenzollerns were sent there in a row, when they should have gone to Jena, Berlin and Göttingen as well. The white-capped Borussen—the name descends from the Teutonic Knights of East Prussia—were the ruling dynasty of Bonn, with their current Hohenzollern Prince. The Princess used to be the Kaiser's sister, she of Schaumberg-Lippe who afterwards did a bunk with the Luxembourg waiter, Zubkov. A less obvious instrument of Prussianisation lay in the nomination of the "Dozente," the lecturers. German universities got State subsidies from Berlin, and the effect was visible enough in the faculties of Philosophy, Protestantism and the Law. Politics didn't then enter Medicine, and Catholicism ploughed its own furrow. But the Berlin Minister of Education could give the tone of teaching to any given university, and in Bonn's case the Prussian tap was turned as full on as it was thought the University and the locals would stand.

I naturally remember the student life best, and can vouch for one effect of the Prussian propaganda. Bad brawls, as distinct from "rags," occurred when political discussion groups met. We were associated according to religion and politics, sometimes also in singing and gymnastic groups. The rows would end in blood and in the fixing of an "insult-duel," for which champions would be picked to fight for the associations who'd run foul of one another. This meant meeting at 6 a.m., shaven-headed and unprotected save for the throat; and slashing down on each other's skulls with a long, thin blade.

The fact that one could discuss at all showed that Bonn retained some freedom, in spite of the local dynasty, and this freedom enjoyed a brief St. Martin's summer under Weimar, when, among further emancipations, girl students were sanctioned. Then Hitler came down like a blight on the cherry-trees of Boppard (a favourite outing not far from Remagen). The Nazis ran Bonn, as every other German university, from a card-index in the Brown House at Munich. This held details of the political, racial and physical health of all, teachers and taught. The independent students' associations were abolished and all had to join a central, Berlin-administered Nazi Students' Union and at the same time become active members of the Party.

Need one go on? Young Nazi fanatics were made Rectors but a few years after finishing their studies. All lecturers were Nazi-appointed and had to go to a conditioning camp for a month before taking over. Of course, scholarship went to pot, among teachers and taught alike, and that is the kind of Bonn which has to be built from, if faculties are again to arise in the smashed Palace of the Electors of Cologne. Bonn offers an exceptional interest apropos of all this chat about re-education, in that it is on the left bank and may therefore find itself in the proposed new Rhenish State. In that event, should the University come to life again, it will inevitably take on more of an international hue.

A BURNT-OUT PANTHER TANK IN FRONT OF THE BEETHOVEN HALLE IN BONN. Here Beethoven was born: the house was restored to its original condition and fitted up as a museum. Bonn is a battered city, but in comparison with Cologne the damage is small. The University is reported to be a burnt-out shell, but the house where Beethoven was born still stands. The building next to the Beethoven Halle was razed to the ground; but a special fire-fighting unit stationed near by took care to safeguard the great historical treasure

And rose-pink old William, mark of the Prussian in this sector of the Rhine, will come down.

Statue number two is of the same old fellow, and it stands enormously where the Moselle meets the Rhine at Coblenz. The site was grandiloquently christened "Germany's Corner" (*Deutsches Eck*), as who should stake a claim with unnecessary force to cover its uncertain sanction. For the Hohenzollerns and the Prussians had only come to Coblenz in 1822. Down all the centuries it had been Roman, French, Trier, Austrian, French, Confederated, and the assortment was not without leaving its mark, faint though this was. The French *émigrés* who made Coblenz their rallying-point from the Terror, and, more so, the revolutionary and Napoleonic squatting from 1794 to 1814, left their imprints. So did Metternich, a native son, and a small host of royalties and notables who settled at this elegant northern guardian of the Rhine Gorge extending down to Bingen.

Four-fifths Catholic, and "practising," at that, the Coblenzers did show genuine signs of leaning towards the west. The air and ease of a "capital" of the wine trade—of two wine trades, Rhine and Moselle—infused something of the Gallic way of life, and this was not at all to the liking of Bismarck when he was gestating his "blood and iron" empire and its scheduled aggressions. So off he sent William I to fall in love with Coblenz, and that was the beginning of its Prussianisation. William holiday'd ever after in the Schloss, and his Augusta built Coblenz's joy, the Rhein-Ufer Promenade; only crack Prussian regiments trumpeted on Ehrenbreitstein, 400 ft. sheer up, on the east bank, facing Coblenz, or paraded in the town; and after William's death almost exclusively Prussian officials administered the Rhine.

Should a new Rhenish State materialise, Coblenz might well remain as capital, unless it is pulverised in the present battle. If Coblenz does have a new spell as capital, that Hohenzollern at Deutsches Eck will have to come down too.

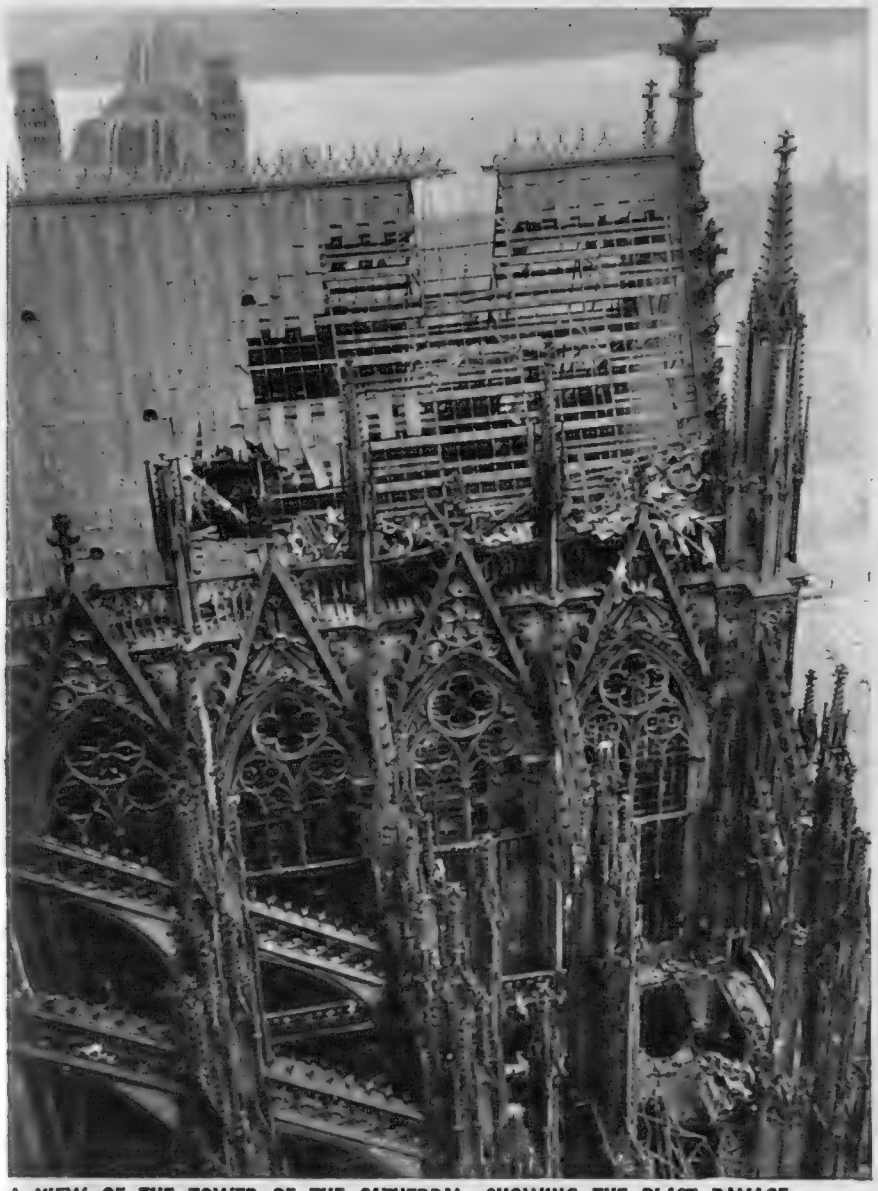
The 50-odd miles of comparative Narrows down to Bingen represent the true heart of the old Rhineland, or all that survives of it after industrialisation inflicted its revolting scars, mostly in the inter-war years. Even so, one could get into castle- and vineyard-land by taking the ridge track along the western heights, though all too often the banks below were disfigured by quarrying, and the air vitiated by smoke from cement factories and tugs pulling strings

THE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN stands in the City Square. It is now surrounded by the wreckage of a huge air-raid shelter which received a direct hit during a raid in December, when some 200 people were killed

of barges weighted with fuel, iron-ore and cereals, against a 7-knot current, or else whirling empty downstream. So, at any rate, to Mrs. Norton's Bingen on the Rhine, a poem the cause of whose quondam popularity escapes me.

Plumb opposite Bingen is statue number three, the 34-ft.-high figure of Germania holding aloft the usual torch and erected to commemorate "the unanimous and victorious rising of the German people and the restoration of the German Empire in 1870-71." This Niederwald Denkmal is the national memorial par excellence of Germany. Seen close up, it is a fearsome affair; it looks its best when the torch is lit and you can hardly see the rest. Far the best thing on this huge vineyard-terraced slope is the view one gets of the Rheingau, gently rising hills of great loveliness and fertility which have given names honoured in every cellar-book—Ruedisheimer, Johannisberger, Hatteimer, to recall three. The Rheingau is downstream towards Biebrich-Wiesbaden, so we have reached the end of every German's true Rheingefuehl.

It is anybody's guess what may happen to Gargantuan Germania. One does not wish to incite the victors to go about wrecking statues. Indeed, the question may not arise in Germania's case, seeing that the Niederwald is situate on the east bank and may be left in German possession. On the other hand, this gigantic figure confronting France was built to impress German might and menace, and the Empire whose inception it commemorates has been the curse of Europe from Bismarck to his outcome who founded the Third Reich. Many sticks of dynamite have been less usefully employed than they would be in tickling up 34 ft. of Germania.



A VIEW OF THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE BLAST DAMAGE TO THE ROOF: In the top left of this view is the blown Hohenzollern Bridge, collapsed into the River Rhine. In view of the ravaged aspect of the remainder of the city, it is a matter for wonder that the Cathedral has suffered so comparatively little

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT DOM, an impressive example of Gothic architecture. Dedicated to St. Peter, this Cathedral is regarded as amongst the most magnificent of Gothic buildings in the world. Although it received no direct hits during the many air attacks made on the city, it has suffered from blast and shell damage

Close-up Views of COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Showing the Damage it has Sustained from Allied Air Attacks

During the months and years before its capture by the Allies, the city of Cologne was subjected to attack from the air, on the heaviest scale, on a great number of occasions. When the Allies entered, it was found that the city had been battered as badly as was Aix, a much smaller town; it is officially estimated that 85 per cent. of the total area has been wrecked.

The great Dom, or Cathedral, right in the city centre, has been damaged so much as to make the holding of services in it impossible: but, structurally, it is intact. The glass altar and other treasures were all safely stored away. Actually, the vicar and a Franciscan monk have conducted private services every day in a small room.

The Cathedral was begun in the year 1248: at the time of the French Revolution, however, it was almost a ruin. In 1824 restoration work was started, and in 1830 this was completed. The two towers, each of four storeys, are over 500 ft. high.

A GERMAN TANK KNOCKED OUT BY THE ALLIES stands on the very doorstep of the Cathedral. All the glass has gone from the windows (many were stored away at the beginning of the war), and the stonework has been pitted here and there with bomb fragments

ONE END OF THE CATHEDRAL HAS BEEN VERY HEAVILY PITTED. Standing as it does opposite the Central Station in Cologne, and considering the number of air attacks carried out by the Allies on the city, it might have been expected that the Cathedral would have suffered much more damage

HOW THE GERMANS TRIED TO SALVAGE THE REMNANTS OF THEIR ARMIES on the west bank of the Rhine: One of the big river ferries, crammed with troops trying to leave Cologne, is bombed by Allied aircraft—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Most of the bridges across the river were cut by the Germans, or bombed by the Allies, as the enemy tried to escape across the Rhine. Ferries were operating busily during the last days of the German retreat, and these were under both artillery fire and aerial bombing. The big Rhine steamers (which, in peacetime, were used to take thousands of visitors from Cologne up the river) were called upon to evacuate the Nazi troops. To save time in turning, the vessel seen in this drawing is making the crossing to the east bank stern first. It has just been hit amidships by an Allied bomb

THE CROSSING OF THE RHINE

And the Establishment of the Bridgehead at Remagen

—Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings

During the opening week of March it was noted that the width of the Rhine "moat" varied from 400 yards at one place to 1,000 at another. It was obvious that the crossing might prove no easy task.

Then came the news of the unexpected capture of the big Ludendorff suspension bridge at Remagen, connecting that place with the town of Erpel on the eastern bank. Remagen town lies at the northern tip of a wedge of flat ground bordering the Rhine's western shore in this district. The Remagen hills lie a little back from the great river; a winding road leads down from Remagenwald to the town. At the eastern end of this big bridge rises a bold bluff, its slopes rising almost perpendicularly from the narrow space carrying the southbound road and railway. No strong enemy force appeared to be guarding it, but there might be hidden snipers with marked ranges, and the pressing of a little lever might instantly destroy the bridge structure itself. But the whole bridge was captured intact, and the demolition charges which had been placed in position were removed. In a very short space of time the good news was

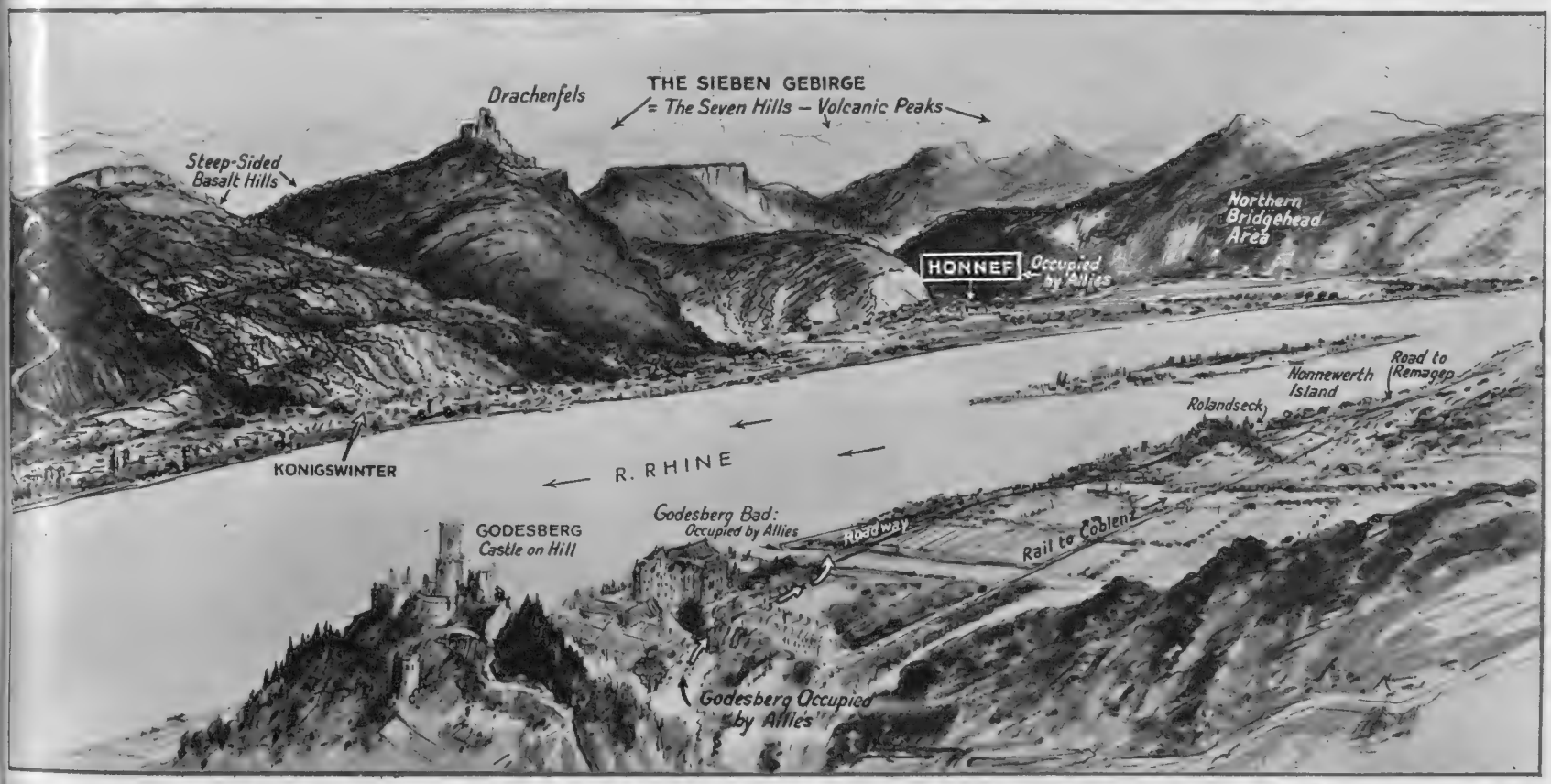
HOW THE ARMOURED COLUMNS OF GENERAL PATTON'S THIRD ARMY ADVANCED TO COBLENZ AND THE RHINE, while other Allied forces were clearing the west bank farther north. This is the route they took through the northern Eifel—60 miles in 58 hours—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

Almost simultaneously with the capture of the Rhine bridge at Remagen came the news of a spectacular advance of 60 miles in 58 hours by the U.S. 4th Armoured Division, operating from the region of Prum and the Kyll River, to the west of the winding River Moselle. The veritable breakthrough was accomplished mainly over the rough roads of the rocky Eifel plateau, which looks down upon the warmer vineclad slopes of the Moselle in striking contrast. The 11th Armoured Division of the Third Army, which originally broke out over the Kyll River line to follow up the spectacular drive of General Gaffey's 4th Armoured Division, captured Mayen in conjunction with the 90th Division. It then split into two spearheads. One pushed 11 miles north-east to capture Andernach, on the Rhine 15 miles north-west of Coblenz. The other pushed 19 miles north to capture Broehl, near which it made contact with First Army units that had spread southward from the Remagen bridge crossing. Near Mayen, conditions on the roads became so congested that tanks had to turn back and force their way through inferior roads towards the Rhine. What German forces—and it is known that they were members of a crack division—held positions in this pocket were immediately threatened, both from front and rear. Even with tank columns cutting right through behind them, they failed to realise that they were cut off. Village after village fell as the tanks roared on, and then the columns began to turn north-east. So many prisoners were taken in the first day that the tanks sent out appeals to the following infantry to come and collect them. They could not stop. One unit captured 200 motor vehicles and three artillery batteries, and knocked out three Tiger tanks in the first twelve hours. Eventually the Germans formed up along the line of the Moselle Valley

WHERE AN IMPORTANT BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER WAS CAPTURED INTACT BY THE AMERICAN ARMY. THE LUDENDORFF SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT REMAGEN, across which an Allied bridgehead was quickly formed in front of a mass of volcanic hills on the east bank of the Rhine—*Drawing by Percy Home*

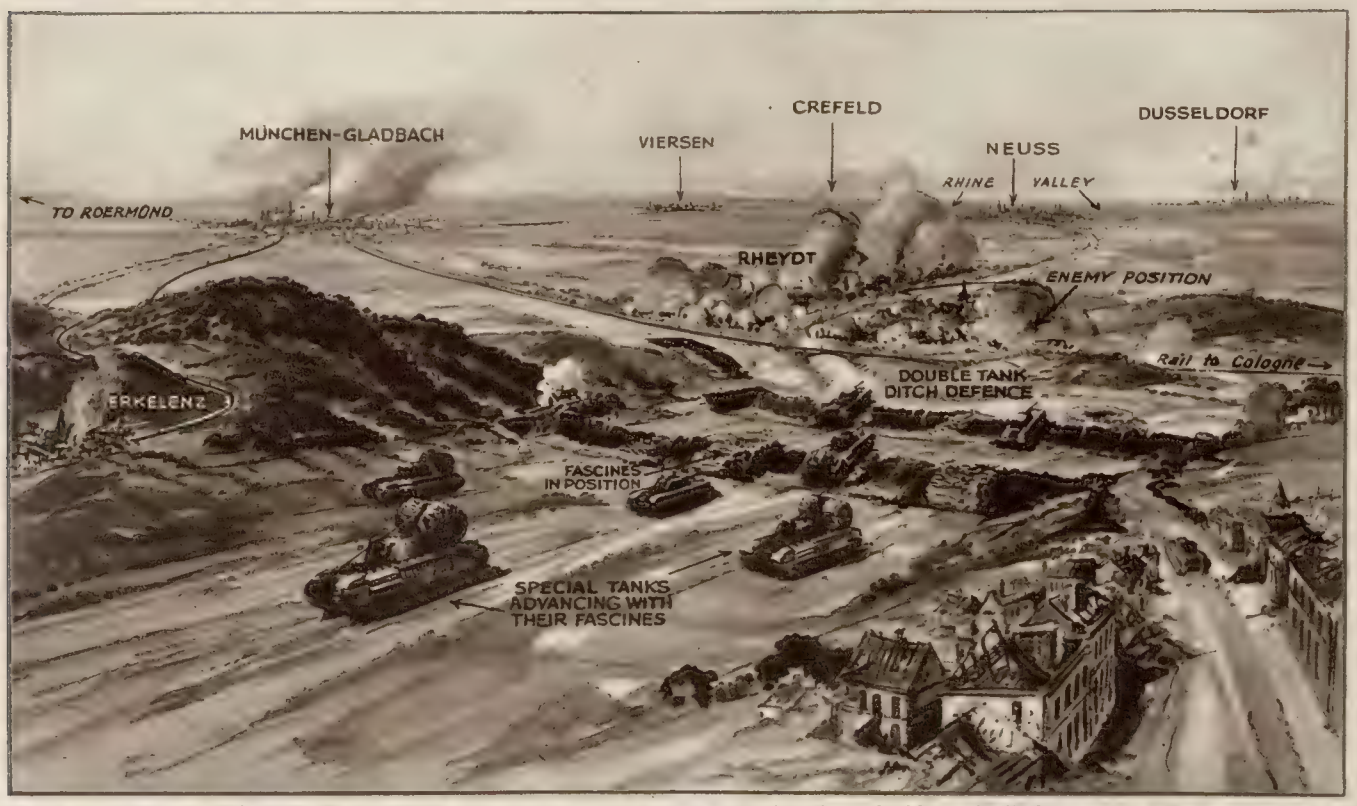
lashed to the authorities on the western side, and all available armour began to rumble towards the castle gate which fortune had left open for the Allies to exploit as they might.

The Allies had pierced, as it were, the outer wall of a medieval fortress. Inside and immediately confronting them were very strong natural fortifications, in the shape of abruptly rising hills of volcanic, or semi-volcanic, origin. These bluffs converge on the Rhine's eastern shore a mile or two northward of Erpel, which immediately faces Remagen. A long strip of flat ground extends northwards to the famous Drachenfels heights. In shape this strip is almost identical with that extending southward from Remagen and the picturesque River Ahr. A network of roads pierce the flanking heights following perforce the contours of the river valleys which twist and turn, not always in desired directions.

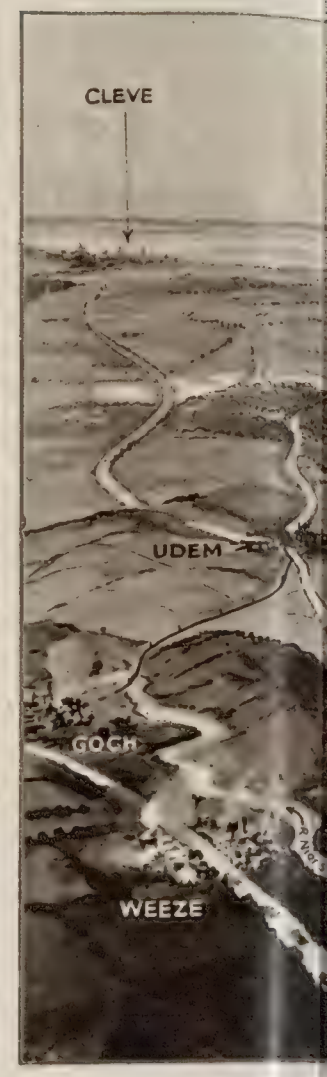


THE BRIDGEHEAD AREA ON THE FAR BANK IS EXTENDED NORTHWARDS TO HONNEF and another crossing is made by the Allies at Remagen, this time by a boat-bridge. In front of the extended bridgehead now rise the Sieben Gebirge—*Drawing by Percy Home*

After the first successful rushing of the Ludendorff bridge at Remagen, the bridgehead was extended to north and south and, to a certain extent, in an eastward direction. The northern extension took the U.S. Forces to the foothills of the Sieben Gebirge, a somewhat formidable range of volcanic peaks. These do not exceed 1,500 ft. in height, but their basaltic structure has given rise to cliffs almost perpendicular in places. Messages stated that General Hodges' troops were fighting in Honnef, 4½ miles north of the original crossing point at Erpel, opposite Remagen. Honnef was a popular Rhineside country resort: it nestles closely under the steeply rising hills forming part of the Sieben Gebirge. Other towns occupied include Rheinbreitbach, 2 miles south of Honnef; Unkel, midway between that point and Erpel; Bruchhausen, a mile and a half east of the original crossing; Linz, 2½ miles to the south; Ohlenburg, midway between the last two places; and Dattenburg, a mile and a half up-river from Linz. According to the Germans, the bridgehead extended to Hoenningen, a ferry point 5 miles south of Erpel. German broadcasts also stated that General Hodges had established a number of emergency bridges across the Rhine and had already moved two full divisions into the salient. In the above drawing, the view is taken looking south-east from Godesberg, the famous Rhenish-Prussian watering-place which was the scene of the dramatic encounter between Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Hitler. Bad Godesberg, with its big hotels, has been occupied by Allied troops; inland from the river the ground rises steeply and is crowned with a typical Rhine Valley castle



THE LAST STAND OF THE GERMANS AT RHEYDT (the birthplace of Dr. Goebbels), where double tank ditches guarded the approaches to Neuss and Dusseldorf against the British and Canadians in the northern part of the line—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



The FIERCEST FIGHTING OF ALL

In the Wesel Bridgehead at the Northern End of the Allied Line

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

The last stand of the enemy in the more northerly sectors of the fighting zone west of the Rhine was made amid a maze of anti-tank ditches, infantry trenches and fortified villages. The massive Siegfried cement was not in evidence here; it was a typical rearguard German defence carried out on a very big scale, with the anti-tank ditch as an outstanding feature. The single ditch was to be found in front of almost every townlet and village; in the very neighbourhood of Rheydt a double, anti-tank ditch was encountered. To overcome this formidable obstacle, the fascine-carrying tank (or A.V.R.E.) was necessary. These armoured units appear almost submerged under their huge circular drums of fascine material. The whole German defence system of this area was based on making each separate town and village into a strong-point, connecting them whenever possible with a series of trench lines more nearly resembling those of the last war than anything seen in the course of the past five years

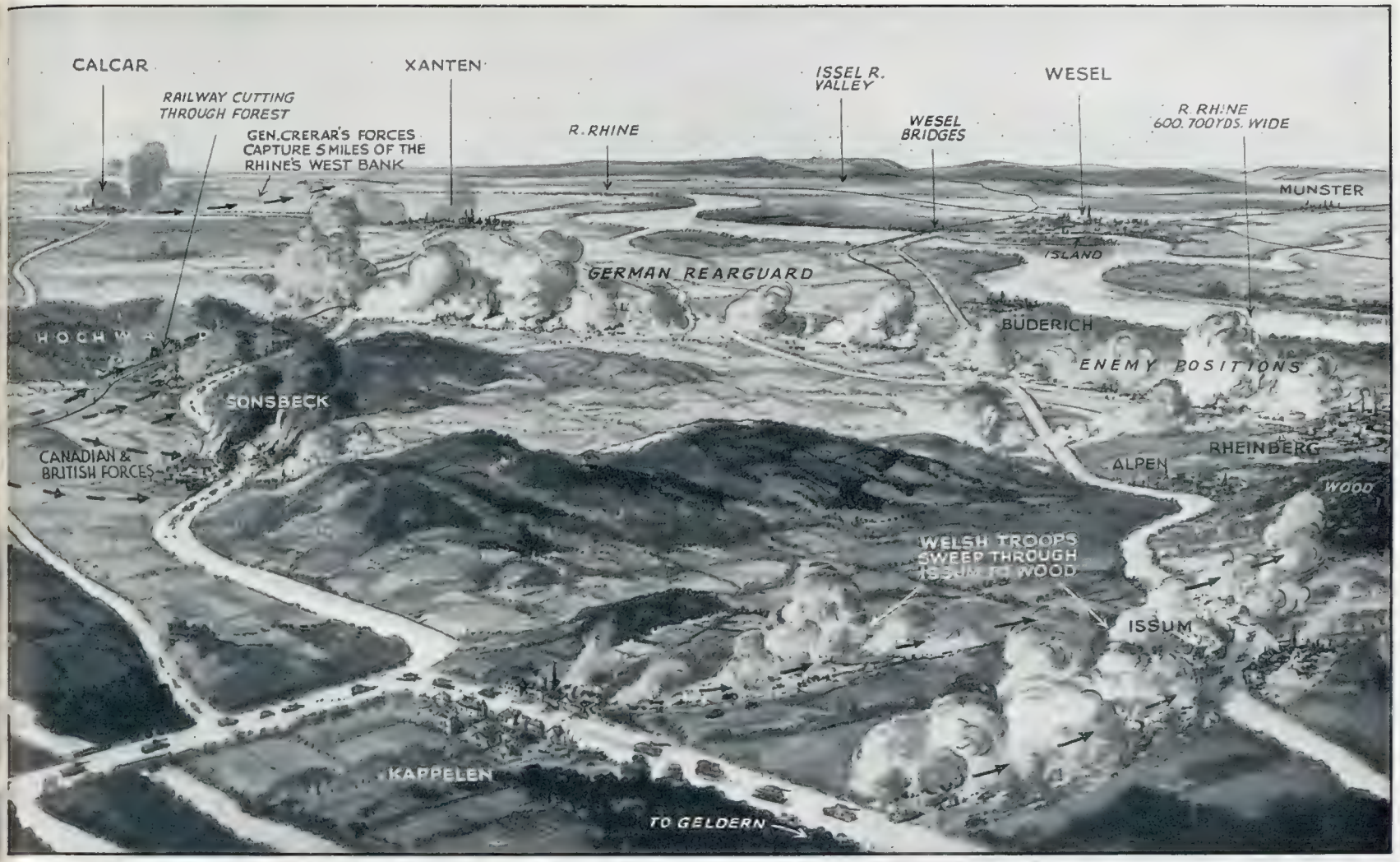
Throughout the crossing of the River Roer and the rapid advance of the U.S. First and Ninth Armies to the Rhine, the Germans held on with increasing fierceness in the area of Xanten and Wesel. Their 1st Parachute Division, the elite of the Army, held the most critical positions, presenting a stubborn resistance to the attacks of the Canadian First Army, which contained many British troops. It appears that Rundstedt regarded the Wesel area as the most important, for, if success were obtained here, the northern plain of Germany would be opened to the Allies.

When the offensive started, the enemy in the north was holding the Maas, from Roermond, with a line from Xanten, close to the Rhine across the Maas. The Canadians and British kept up a persistent attack, but the gains were small. The Hochwald, guarding Xanten, took a long and costly time to clear—the Siegfried Line ran through it, and behind were dug-in tanks and self-propelled guns. It was not until a section of Simpson's Ninth Army made a surprise push northward, getting to the rear of the enemy positions on the Maas, that a retreat began.

Using Xanten as a pivot, the enemy withdrew till a bridgehead was formed along the Rhine, with Xanten, Sousbeck and Rheinberg forming the outer perimeter of the area, which was about 20 miles long by 10 miles deep. The German resistance remained as savage as ever, more intense even than during the tense fighting around Caen. The bridgehead was to be held at all costs, in order to keep the two bridges open for the removal of the heavy guns and equipment. Intense flak protected the bridges and a massing of great guns shelled the Canadian Army as it approached nearer the Rhine. The British made a fierce thrust to take Xanten, but were thrown back, and the Ninth Army suffered a similar set-back at Gevelen.

By March 5 Sousbeck was reached and the bridgehead was slowly reduced in size, the pressure extending from Rheinberg. At last Xanten fell to British troops, who had fought so toughly around this little town, whose story runs back to the first century, when it was founded by Trajan. With the fall of Xanten, the Allies pressed on closer around the bridgehead, till only a small pocket was left, held by a desperate rear-guard, holding on while the Wesel bridges were destroyed by the Nazis.

THE BOMBING OF THE "ESCAPE BRIDGES" ACROSS THE RHINE AT WESEL: The scene as R.A.F. Marauders attacked the bridges, which were defended by the Germans to the last moment, in order to get over as much of their armour as possible—*Drawing by Roland Davies* As conditions grew more desperate for the Nazis in the Wesel "pocket," their troops and armour crowded the bridges across the Rhine. One of them, the Buderich, was severed as a result of aerial bombing; the other, the Henzelen, was damaged. Frantic repairs by the Germans, however, got them into use again, enabling a large portion of the enemy's forces to cross over under the cover of cloud and also during the darkness of night. Then the last enemy pocket west of the Rhine collapsed



WHERE THE BRITISH AND CANADIANS HELD THE "HINGE" OF THE ALLIED LINE AT ITS NORTHERN END: THE HOCHWALD FOREST, IN THE WESEL BRIDGEHEAD, where the Germans resisted bitterly before being forced back across the Rhine through Sonsbeck, Xanten and Issum towards the bridges at Wesel, the only escape route left to them. It was here that the bitterest fighting of all took place—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

BRITISH AND CANADIAN TANKS FORCE A WAY THROUGH THE HOCHWALD FOREST AND APPROACH THE KEY TOWN OF XANTEN. It was here that the Germans held on for a week at the "hinge" of the line to cover their withdrawal over the Rhine—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Hochwald defended the town of Xanten: it was essential for the Germans to hold on as long as possible, in this region, for it was here that the line "hinged"—as at Caen last year. British and Canadian troops formed a "corridor" through the Forest and then worked through the areas north and south of this. The infantry attacked from the east, or German, side, while the tanks went clear through—to converge on Xanten. When the Hochwald had been cleared, every field in the forward area seemed to be teeming with fighting vehicles, many with their motors running ready for the signal for the grand advance. In the fighting in the Forest, the Germans managed for a time to establish a gap through which the tanks could not advance, having concentrated Tiger tanks and self-propelled guns at the spot. The drawing given above depicts the moment when the Allied armour finally forced its way through this block and began to move forward, once again, towards the Rhine

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ROCKET ATTACK by TYPHOONS

How the Powerful Aircraft Make Their Precision Onslaughts

On February 22, rocket-firing Typhoons of the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force attacked an enemy strong-point west of Calcar—a farmhouse near Keppeln occupied by German troops. Another R.A.F. aircraft on reconnaissance and flying above the attacking planes, took these photographs to show the deadly and precise nature of such attacks. They show the point of release of the missiles and the smoke-trails leading directly on to the target.

In No. 1, the target has already been hit by the first aircraft, which has, in fact, passed out of the picture. Two more rockets, from the second aircraft, are on their way to the target in the bottom right hand. The puffs show where the rockets were released. In No. 2, the trails can be traced right back to the starting-point: again the target is in the bottom right hand; and again the puffs indicate the point of release (at top of picture) In No. 3, the results of the attack can be seen with four more rockets about to burst.

The picture reproduced at the bottom of this page shows how other aircraft of R.A.F Fighter Command (in this case Mustangs) have been attacking locomotives and trains in the Hanover and northern areas. These constant assaults on rail communications have done a great deal to hold up the flow of war materials to Germany's many fighting fronts

1—THE ATTACK ON A GERMAN-HELD FARMHOUSE IN HOLLAND: A remarkable photograph showing rockets from the Typhoon aircraft streaming direct towards the target at the bottom right

2—THE ROCKET-TRAILS LENGTHEN: The target is in the bottom right. The white puffs at the top of the picture indicate the point of release of the missiles

3—THE ROCKETS STRIKE HOME ON THE TARGET. German troops were located in this farmhouse north-east of Keppeln, in the Hochwald Forest area. Four rockets are seen nearing the target and almost at the points of impact *(See note above)*

GERMAN HEADQUARTERS ATTACKED BY ROCKETS: "Object of attack—to destroy what is believed to be enemy H.Q. and command communications." This was the instruction given to an R.A.F Typhoon Wing of the Second Tactical Air Force operating from Holland. The objective was a moated castle at Kasteel Blijenbeek, 5 miles south-west of Goch and this photograph, taken after the Typhoons had attacked with rockets and bombs, shows how well the mission was executed: another example of the close support given by the R.A.F. to the ground forces in the attack at the northern end of the Siegfried defences

R.A.F. MUSTANGS SHOOT UP SUPPLY TRAINS IN GERMANY: Goods waggons ablaze on a viaduct in the Hanover area, blocking the line and adding to the already great confusion of the enemy's railroad transport system

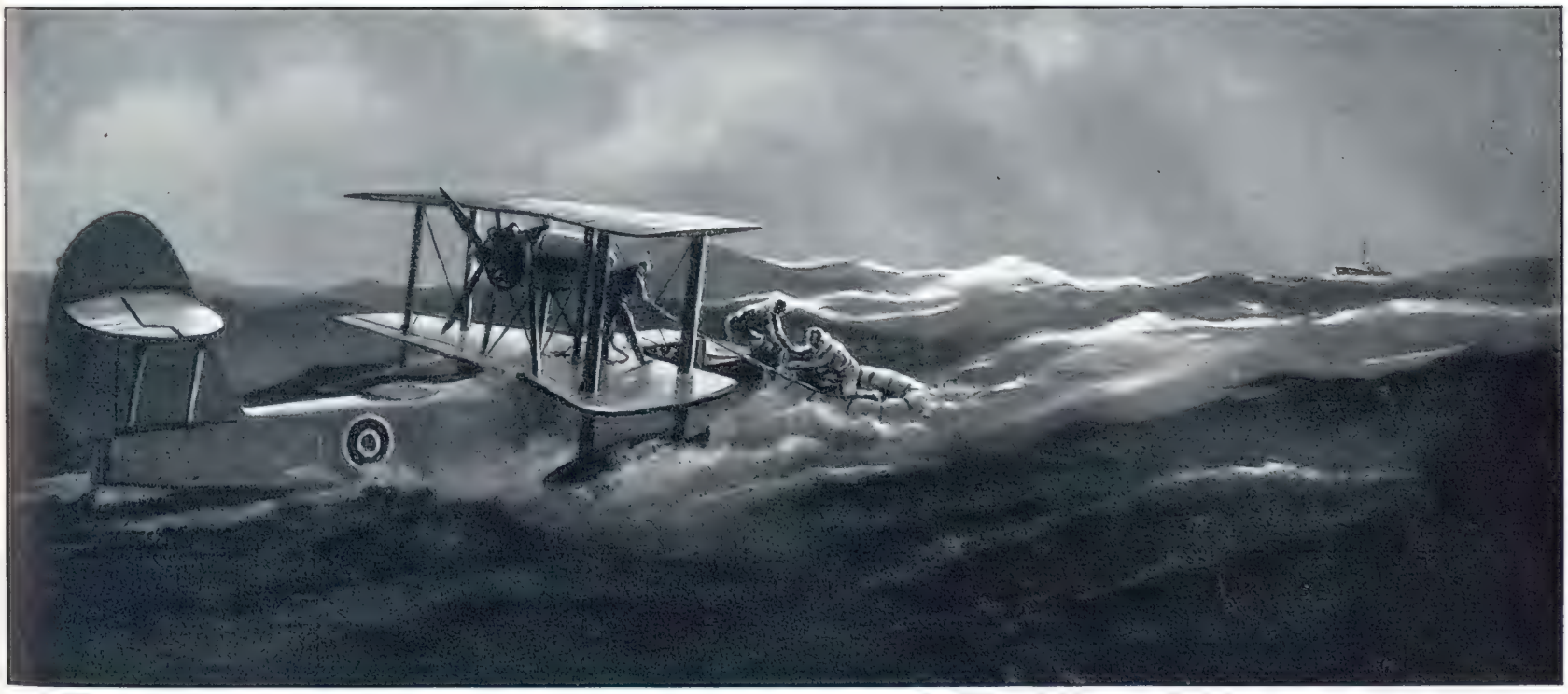
THE FOLDED WINGS OF THE SEAFIRE: A DIAGRAMMATIC EXPOSITION OF HOW THE AIRCRAFT LANDS ON THE DECK OF ITS CARRIER AT SEA, how its run is arrested, and how the plane is parked, with wings folded upward and over at two points—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Seafire is the naval version of the Spitfire, most famous of all British fighter aircraft: this means that it has been specially adapted for operation from aircraft-carriers. Consequently, it has folded wings for storage in hangars below deck, catapult spools, deck-arrester hook and other specialised equipment.

In constructional details it is similar to the "Spit," but considerable development has been made during the past months. When coming in to land on, the Seafire follows the instructions signalled by the batsman: just after the touch-down, the aircraft is caught by the arrester wire stretched across the deck and its landing run is thereby reduced. When it is required to fold the wings, the operation is carried out in the manner shown in the above drawing. (The wings, incidentally, are not electrically operated as in some other types of carrier-borne aircraft.) After the wings have been elevated, the wing tips also fold over. The plane is then ready for the lift, which takes it to the hangar below. It is because the wings of carrier-borne aircraft *do* fold that the vessel is enabled to carry the great number she does

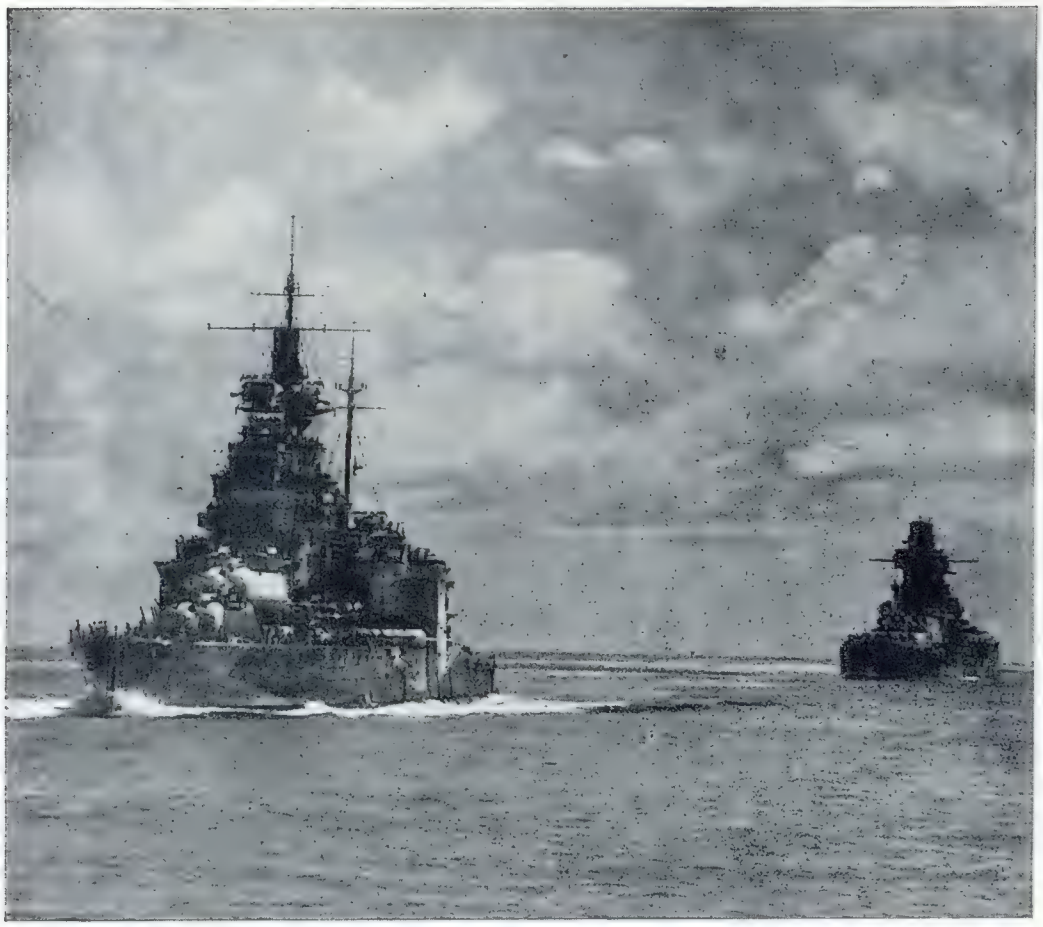
FLYING AT SEA

—Two Impressions by Roland Davies



AN AMERICAN AIRMAN IS RESCUED BY AN AIR-SEA WALRUS AFTER HAVING BALED OUT OF A BLAZING FLYING FORTRESS following on a raid on Germany. Later, he was taken on board a rescue launch for transference to the shore—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After a search 25 miles out at sea, a Walrus air-sea-rescue aircraft saved an American airman who had baled out from a blazing Flying Fortress following a raid on Germany. Despite a heavy swell, the Walrus pilot landed alongside the airman, who with some difficulty was pulled aboard. Then an attempt was made to take off. After four unsuccessful efforts the pilot decided this was impossible. A few minutes later, however, a high-speed launch of the rescue service arrived, and its skipper took the American on board and set off for the Belgian coast. There was nothing for the Walrus to do but taxi back and beach his aircraft, six-and-a-half hours after taking off



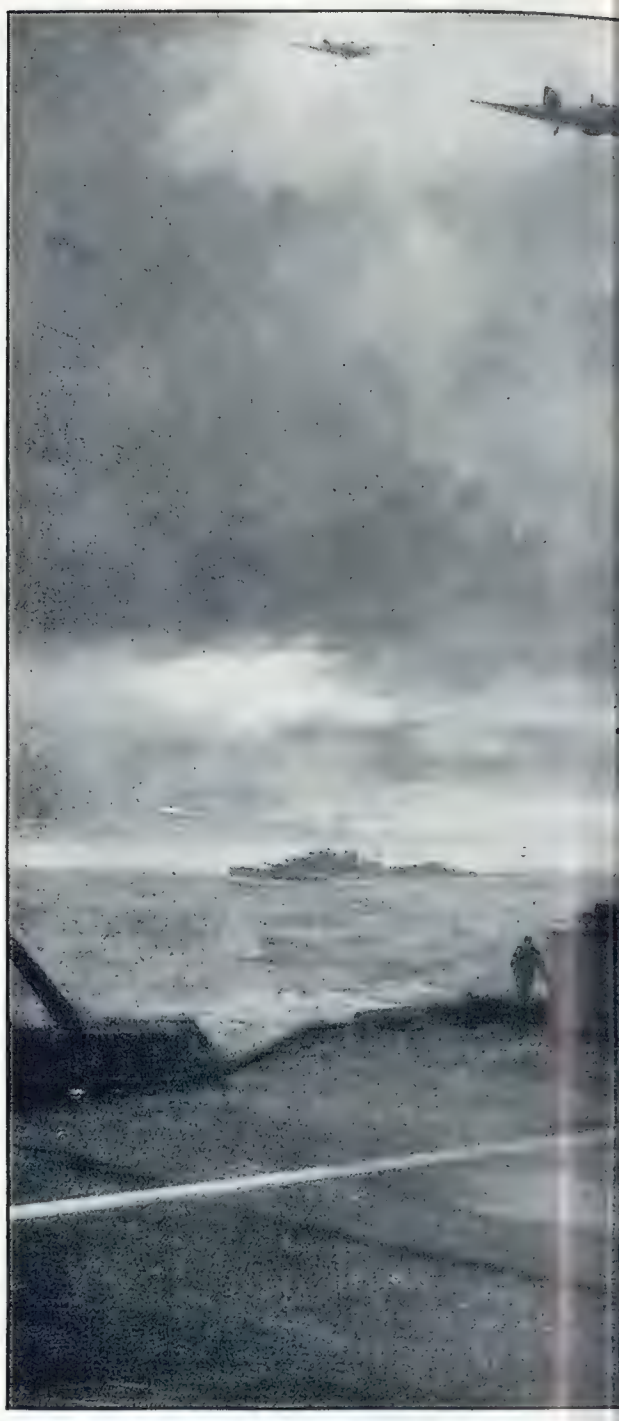
PART OF THE BRITISH FLEET NOW IN THE FAR EAST, for the war against the Japs: The British battleship "Valiant," with the French battleship "Richelieu" astern, as seen from the "Queen Elizabeth" during recent operations against the enemy in Northern Sumatra

THE ROYAL NAVY IN THE FAR EAST

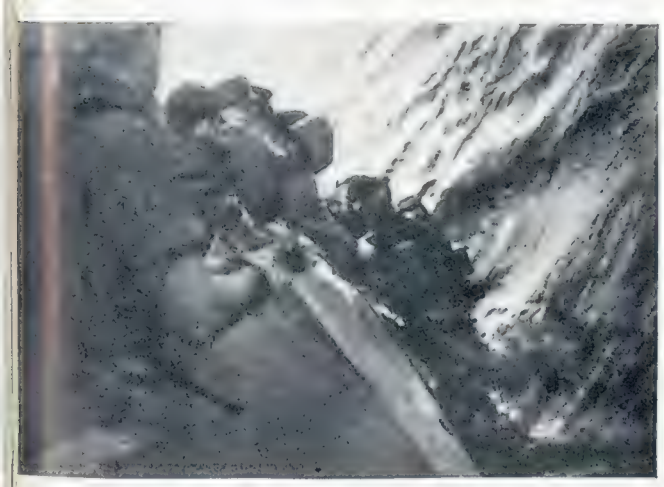
And Official Canadian Photographs of a U-boat Rescue in the Atlantic

Many of Britain's big battleships—as well as cruisers, destroyers and other craft—are now in Eastern waters, as part of the fleet which will help to subdue the Japs. A number of powerful aircraft-carriers too are now in service with the Eastern Fleet. The above picture was taken from the deck of the *Queen Elizabeth*, veteran 31,000-ton battleship completed in 1915: on the left is seen H.M.S. *Valiant*, of the same class. Astern is the French *Richelieu*, of 35,000 tons, which was only completed in April 1940: as rearmed, this vessel now mounts eight 15-in. guns

When the first British aircraft-carriers were improvised out of cruisers in the last war, the first consideration of their designers was for the greatest possible amount of flying space on the flight-deck. The control towers, pushed to the starboard, were the slimmest of structures. To-day, these towers are of more massive size, equipped with everything necessary for navigational and flying direction. The biggest of our carriers are of 23,000 tons displacement, with correspondingly large complements and with anti-aircraft guns placed at every point of vantage to beat off enemy attacks



THE HUGE SUPERSTRUCTURE ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF A MODERN BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : AN IMPRESSION OF THE CONTROL TOWER, OF MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION, OF ONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLASS OF 23,000 TONS. From here the ship is navigated and all flying operations are controlled. Since the days of the first carriers this tower above the flight-deck has grown from a slender profile to a huge superstructure (*See note at left*)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



A CANADIAN CORVETTE SINKS A GERMAN U-BOAT : *On left*—German seamen clinging to their rubber lifeboats while awaiting rescue by H.M.C.S. "St. Thomas." *Above*—Canadian sailors lend a helping hand to survivors from the U-boat

Vitally damaged by the second of the only two explosives directed at her, a German U-boat skulking along the route of an entirely Canadian-escorted Atlantic convoy was recently sunk by the Castle-class corvette *St. Thomas*, which picked up survivors, including the captain and four other officers. When the U-boat was detected, *St. Thomas* altered course to investigate, and dropped an experimental explosive. All contact was lost, and it was considered doubtful that a U-boat had been attacked, but *St Thomas* persisted and regained contact. At the request of *St. Thomas*, *Seacliff* joined in the hunt this time. "Suddenly the submarine surfaced," said one of the officers. "We immediately closed at full speed and opened fire. *Seacliff* also closed and opened fire. The U-boat sank in a few minutes, after survivors were seen getting under way in inflatable floats." The captain, four officers and fifty men were rescued. The only casualties during the entire action were scalp injuries to the U-boat captain and one of his crew. The Castle class, to which *St. Thomas* belongs, are vessels of 925 tons

A SAILOR PREPARES FOR TROUBLE ON THE DECK OF THE "ST. THOMAS" as the German survivors are taken on board. The prisoners were very docile, however, and gave little cause for worry after their rescue. Fifty-five of them were picked up by the Canadian corvette

The War Against Japan

IWO-JIMA

Actual Pictures of the U.S. Marines on the Rocky Island, and How They Secured Their Beach-heads

During their successive invasions of Jap-held Pacific islands the U.S. Marines have encountered much stiff resistance, but nothing to equal that encountered on Iwo-Jima. A garrison numbering from 10,000 to 15,000 men have put up a grim and bitter struggle here, to prevent the overrunning of the small volcanic island, 8 square miles in extent, which leads direct to the heart of Japan.

The pictures reproduced on these pages show scenes on the island after the first landings had been successfully carried out. At the moment of writing, the news is that the Marines have closed in on the garrison at all points and that the whole of Iwo-Jima is under American domination

PART OF THE FLEET OF 800 SHIPS AS THEY LAY OFF SHORE AT IWO-JIMA ON FEBRUARY 19. Landing craft loaded with U.S. Marines and equipment are creating white wakes as they leave their parent vessels and head for the volcanic island. Here they encountered the heaviest resistance of the whole Pacific campaign. Two Divisions were landed and these were reinforced strongly later. The first beachhead was 4,500 yards long, and soon a stream of supplies was flowing ashore and the Marines were going ahead to the attack of the Jap positions on Mount Suribachi

AMERICAN LANDING CRAFT AND EQUIPMENT WRECKED ON THE BEACH OF IWO-JIMA ISLAND after the Marines had gone ashore. The landing places were all under heavy shell-fire, until the Japs on Mount Suribachi had been wiped out and their gun positions stormed. The Japs used bazooka-type weapons and rocket-bombs; but, later, Admiral Nimitz announced that the condition of the beaches had improved markedly

A SCENE ON THE DECK OF ONE OF THE INVASION SHIPS: The dead Americans were killed at their gunposts as enemy shells crashed aboard an infantry-landing ship while the assault boats were still heading for the beaches. Here the dead and injured still lie on the deck as another vessel puts alongside to give sorely-needed aid

THE "BUILD-UP" IN THE BEACH-HEAD: A line of Marines help to unload supplies from a landing craft. Bulldozers and other mechanised equipment also help in keeping the supplies moving. This picture was made from the bow of a ship resting on the beach

EADY TO ADVANCE INTO THE HAIL OF ENEMY FIRE: Compressing themselves into the heavy, volcanic sand on this beach on the south-east side of Iwo-Jima, U.S. Marines offer the smallest possible target to the deadly Jap fire as they "sweat it out" waiting for the order to advance. From the grotesque, sprawled appearance of some of those in the sand, their fate has already been decided. Even under the hail of fire, men are still unloading the landing craft seen in the background. The slopes of bitterly-contested Mount Suribachi can be seen at the extreme right of the view

HE MARINES REST IN SHELL-CRATERS DURING BATTLE. This aerial photograph was made over the battlefield on the second day of the invasion. Some of the men are sheltering in groups in the big craters; others have dug slit trenches near by as a protection from the Japanese snipers

THREE MARINES KNEEL IN PRAYER before receiving communion from a padre during a lull in the fighting for Moto-Yama Airstrip No. 1. All around is strewn the wreckage and debris of war, with the shattered wall of an enemy pill-box forming a background

N THE MOTO-YAMA AIRSTRIP AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE ISLAND: Wrecked Japanese planes littering the airfield bear testimony to the severity of the aerial and naval bombardment which preceded the American invasion. Scores of aircraft were wrecked in this fashion

ON BLUE BEACH NO. 1: Marines of the Fourth Division search through the wreckage of Amtracs and medium tanks to see what can be salvaged from the debris. From this beach the Marines earlier had fought their way right in to the interior of the island

LOADING THE ROCKETS INTO THE FIRING TUBES OF A SHERMAN TANK before an action on the Seventh Army's sector of the Western Front. There are sixty tubes, which are fired electrically. The whole rack is jettisoned after all the rockets have been discharged

MORE about the ROCKET BARRAGE

The Tank-mounted and Lorry-mounted Device Now Being Used by the Allies on the West Front

The frontispiece to last week's issue of *The Sphere* revealed the latest Allied "secret weapon"—the rocket-firing Sherman tank. Here are further pictures of this most devastating war device, which has been used with deadly effect against the Germans in Europe. On top of the tank, a specially built rack contains sixty barrels: each of these is capable of discharging a rocket shell comparable in effect with that of the 100-lb. shell fired from a 5·5-in. gun. The sixty rockets can be fired individually or in one colossal salvo. After the barrage has been discharged the rack above the turret is automatically jettisoned, to be salvaged and reloaded by follow-up crews. The tank then goes into action unencumbered, to follow up its advantage against the demoralised enemy ahead.

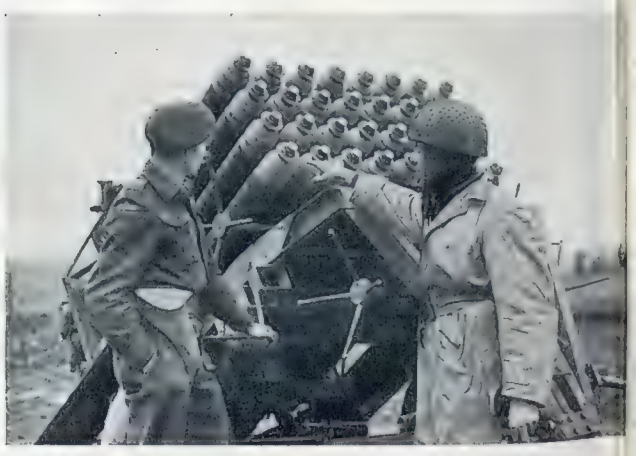
In addition to tanks, the rocket barrage has been applied to half-track vehicles and even to jeeps. Pictures of this application are also reproduced on these pages. The British and Canadians on the West Front have also been making use of batteries of rocket projectors, in the manner illustrated in the two bottom pictures.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE TANK with the rocket-firing platform mounted above its turret. The calibre of the rocket is 4·5 in., and its explosion is devastating

AN IMPRESSION OF A "BATTERY" OF ROCKET-FIRING TANKS drawn up ready for action on a hillside near Beisdorf, in Germany. When the salvoes have been discharged against the enemy positions, the enemy's infantry and strong-points are completely "blanketed"

Below—**The Army's rocket weapons:** The barrage is laid down by a group of rocket projectors. In each group there are twelve projectors, or "guns," each having thirty-two barrels. This gives a concentrated and devastating fire power comparable with that of 280 5·5-in. guns of the orthodox type. Although considerably smaller, each shell fired by the rocket projectors is comparable with the 100-lb. shell fired by the 5·5-in. gun. This is because the rocket shell, the momentum of which increases relatively gradually on discharge, can be constructed with much thinner walls, thus ensuring a specially effective burst. The shell fired by the gun, on the other hand, is "kicked" out of the barrel with tremendous violence and requires corresponding strong construction. The rocket shows a great economy, too, in the man-power needed to operate it in the field. A battery of rocket projectors can be handled by fewer than 200 men, whereas the equivalent fire power from 5·5-in. guns would demand nearly 3,000. It must be borne in mind that the rocket does not replace the gun: it lacks the necessary accuracy. For the purpose of laying down a barrage of fire, however, the rocket is a very deadly weapon.

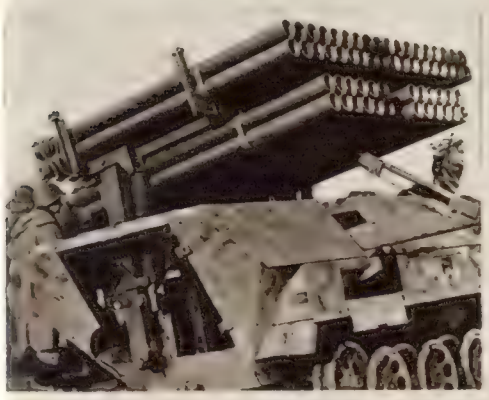
HOW THE ARMY MAKES USE OF THE ROCKET FROM BATTERIES ON THE GROUND. Projectors being loaded during an action in the Reichswald Forest during February. Twelve rocket projectors are used, each firing thirty-two barrels—the equivalent of 280 5·5-in. guns firing 100-lb. shells



A FRONT VIEW OF A ROCKET PROJECTOR, showing the platform mounting of the barrels and the thirty-two shells loaded into them ready for firing

A CLOSE-UP OF THE 4·5-IN. ROCKET SHELL used in the "T34" launchers on the M4 Sherman tanks. It is made with comparatively thin walls and its burst is therefore the more deadly. Note the small fins in its tail

PREPARING TO FIRE A SALVO IN THE HUERTGEN FOREST: American artillerymen have reloaded the rocket launchers while the smoke from a previous salvo still clings to the ground. These rocket batteries, it will be observed, have been mounted on special lorries, not on tanks



A CLOSE-UP OF THE ROCKET-LAUNCHING BARRELS: They are only made of plywood, and they have to be replaced after firing three or four rounds. In this case, the launcher has been mounted on a captured German half-track vehicle

THE SALVO IS DISCHARGED—FLAME AND SMOKE ENVELOP THE ROCKET SITE: When the firing is over, the lorries can be moved quickly to another site, before the enemy can take effective measures to counter the work of the gunners

THE ROCKET-FIRING PRINCIPLE HAS BEEN ADAPTED FOR USE EVEN ON JEEPS. Here one of the little cars is firing on the German-held town of Reinheim. Two multi-barrelled launchers have been fitted at the rear

LOADING A SHELL INTO THE LAUNCHING TUBE AT THE BACK OF THE JEEP. There are twelve barrels in this launcher: Two 4·5-in. multi-barrelled rocket launchers are carried on some of the jeeps in the Weisweiler area in France. The car drives to its firing position, discharges its rockets and then moves on to avoid counter-battery fire. The rockets are usually discharged at two-second intervals. When these two pictures were taken the jeep had been in use in combat for only two days

NEW PICTURES from EUROPEAN and BURMESE BATTLE AREAS

FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAYS A VISIT TO THE YUGOSLAV CAPITAL : Accompanied by Brigadier MacLean (on left), he visits the old Turkish fortress of Kalimecdiom, the scene of bitter fighting when the Germans made their last stand against Russian and Partisan troops. Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, Supreme Commander of the Mediterranean Theatre, arrived by plane in Belgrade on February 21 for official talks with Marshal Tito and Dr. Subasic. After he had been in Belgrade an hour, he walked round the town accompanied by Brigadier MacLean and other staff officers, and a Partisan officer. Most of the townsfolk were unaware of the Field-Marshal's presence in Belgrade

IN HUNGARY, FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER MEETS THE RED ARMY COMMANDERS : Accompanied by Major-General Lemnitzer, of the U.S. Army, the Field-Marshal visited Hungary to confer with Marshal Tolbukhin and other high-ranking Soviet officers in Hungary. The whole proceedings were surrounded by deepest secrecy. After the meeting, both Marshals saw a typical Russian stage performance, consisting of male voice choir and Russian dancing. This picture was one of the first to be taken by a British photographer on liberated Hungarian soil : it shows Field-Marshal Alexander with Marshal Tolbukhin. Behind the two Marshals stands Major-General Lemnitzer

THE MAJDANEK MASSACRES : Germans are put on trial in Lublin. Six of the accused in the Court room, guarded by Red Army machine-gunners. Justice is overtaking the Germans who participated in the appalling massacres at Majdanek concentration camp, in Poland, where hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were mercilessly exterminated by Nazi death squads. Some of the executioners are now on trial in Lublin. The names of the six men in the dock in this picture are, left to right : Hermann Vogel, Standartenfuehrer of S.S. ; Wilhelm Gerstenmeier, Hauptmarschfuehrer of S.S. ; Anton Ternes, Oberscharfuehrer of S.S. ; Teo Scholen, Rotenfuehrer of S.S. ; Heinz Otland and Edmund Polmann

U.N.R.R.A. AND THE GREEK GOVERNMENT SIGN AN AGREEMENT : The group on the steps of the Palace at Athens after the ceremony. Greece became the first of the United Nations to conclude arrangements for relief and rehabilitation supplies and services when, on March 1, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, John Sofianopoulos, acting for the Government, and Deputy Director-General Roy F. Hendrickson, of U.N.R.R.A., signed an agreement at a ceremony in the office of the Greek Prime Minister. The group above includes John Sofianopoulos, Minister of Foreign Affairs (third from left in front) ; General Plastiras, Greek Prime Minister (centre front) ; Mr. R. F. Hendrickson, Deputy Director-General of U.N.R.R.A. (third from right) ; Sir Reginald Leeper, British Ambassador ; and M. Bellen, French Ambassador

THE WRECKED SYNTHETIC OIL PLANT AT POLITZ, after two recent heavy attacks by the R.A.F. After examination of recent reconnaissance photographs of the synthetic oil plant at Politz, near Stettin—heavily attacked by R.A.F. Bomber Command on two occasions this year, January 13 and February 8—photographic interpretation experts report that the entire plant has been heavily saturated with bombs, leaving a wake of wrecked buildings, shattered tanks and hundreds of feet of smashed or badly-buckled piping. It is added that damage is so widespread and severe that, even assuming maximum repair effort, there is no probability of production for two or three months. From the photographs from which the report is based, however, no sign of repair work can be seen, and the state of the plant is comparable with that of others which have been abandoned

R.A.F. LANCASTERS HIT THE GERMAN SHIPYARDS IN NORWAY. On February 24, 1945, a force attacked the Karljohans Vern shipbuilding yard at Horten, in Norway, inflicting very severe damage. This picture shows the whole of the dockyard area. Engine shop, casting shop, boiler factory buildings, office buildings, torpedo factory buildings have either been destroyed or gutted by fire. The ship plates building is partly collapsed and is heavily damaged throughout. Approximately two-thirds of a large covered slipway are wrecked and one-third of another destroyed. The quayside space north of the dry docks is obliterated, and small vessels can be seen ashore among the debris

THE DEFENDERS OF THE FRENCH-ITALIAN FRONTIER: A scene at a remote outpost in the Alps. Ammunition for a battery of 75-mm. howitzers goes by overhead line: The Forty-fourth American (Alpine) Brigade, and other units, have held the front in the Alps, between France and Italy, since the Riviera invasion. Unspectacular and remote, seldom in the war reports, the job done by the pack-horse artillery of this Alpine force has been carried out through the bitter winter under arduous conditions, often in the clouds, sometimes above them, and always in the midst of snow and ice. Guns, ammunition and supplies had to be transported by mule train, and when this became impossible, the men built a funicular line between the mountain tops to get their 75-mm. howitzers into new positions. With the coming of spring, the fight against the Germans and Italians on Kesselring's right flank will proceed in sunshine, with firm, dry firing-points for the artillery

IN THE FRENCH-ITALIAN ALPS: Loading the overhead carrier with ammunition for 75-mm. guns, which are mounted in positions inaccessible to the mules

THE NAVY ARE STILL HITTING AT THE ENEMY OFF GENOA: On the bridge of an M.T.B. operating along the enemy-held coast. This picture comes from the small force of British motor-torpedo boats which, with the American patrol boats, have turned the 45-miles stretch of enemy-held coast between Spezia and Genoa into their happy hunting-ground. At night they creep close inshore within range of the enemy guns to attack convoys carrying essential supplies to the German Army in Northern Italy. From May 1, 1944, up to January 18 of this year, they sank twenty-eight enemy vessels, probably sank eleven more and damaged at least seven. The operations of this flotilla are controlled by Commander R. A. Allen, D.S.O., O.B.E., who also holds the Legion of Honour

ENSA ENTERTAINS BRITISH TROOPS ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY: An impromptu show before R.A.F. men on a forward airstrip. R.A.F. airmen and British troops on the road to Mandalay are being entertained in their off-duty moments by a mixed Ensa company which calls itself "Coming Your Way." All the artists are Ensa veterans, and recently they were strafed whilst giving a show in Burma. Above they are seen at a dispersal point on a forward airstrip. Whilst Freddie Everard plays the accordion, Carolyn Wright and Roberta Robertson dance on the dismantled top of a work-bench to which a vice is still attached

THE SIEGE OF DUNKIRK, 1945: A British reconnaissance patrol searches haystacks near the port for any stray Germans who may have infiltrated through in the night: Of the 100,000-odd Germans penned up in the besieged Atlantic ports, over 10,000 are at Dunkirk, where they have been contained by Allied troops for over five months. Activity is largely confined to night patrols, and to harassing fire on the Allied side which has prevented the Germans from completing an airfield they had begun behind the lines. Along a 45-mile perimeter, Allied troops—Czechs, British and French—face the enemy, sometimes at opposite ends of villages, sometimes across flat, flooded country, and always with little or no cover for daylight operations. German supplies of food are running out, but morale is still good, largely owing to "Old Brandy Bottle" Captain Tuerke, Commander of the Volk units in Dunkirk, who runs an assault school from which candidates pass out and gain decorations by making a one-man patrol through the Allied lines and back. One reason for the small number of desertions may be that the Dunkirk perimeter is thickly sown with mines whose location is known only to the German commanders. Five hundred civilians—mostly collaborators—also remain in the port. Such supplies as do get in to the Germans are either smuggled (possibly by submarine or E-boats) or are dropped by planes

CZECH TROOPS PATROL THE DUNKIRK AREA BY BOAT. This picture was taken when the countryside around the German-held port was deep under floods last month. Motor-boats were used by the Czech patrols

THIS YEAR'S HOLIDAY PROSPECT

Will the Newly "Liberated" Holiday Resorts in this Country be able to Cope with the Crowds which will Invade Them?—and a Word about the Foreign Tourist

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE hopes of almost everyone, at this stage of the war, are centred on the possibility of holidays during the coming summer. It may be presumed, however, that holidays outside England will be impossible this year, and only the very few will secure priority passages enabling them to travel overseas.

The question whether holidays in Switzerland will be permitted by the Government in 1946 is a matter to be decided by the Treasury and the Bank of England. Switzerland will not, presumably, be in the sterling area. It will, therefore, be necessary for a barter arrangement to be made at a very high level between the Swiss Government and the British Government, whereby British visitors will be able to hand over to their banks before departure a sum of money to cover their expenses in Switzerland; against which the Swiss Government would buy various goods for their railways and hotels, purchased in Great Britain. But by all accounts, it looks as though the good old days when retired persons could live on their pensions in the South of France and elsewhere are over. I understand that nobody will be allowed to take more than £150 out of the country unless he or she is going on a specific business trip. This means, incidentally, that French casinos will in future have to depend on French visitors rather than on us.

It is possible, however, that Belgium, like the Scandinavian countries, will come into the sterling area, so inveterate gamblers may be able to play chemin de fer and roulette in Ostend and Spa among other places. But the whole tendency as far as British holidays are concerned will be towards the British Empire and those countries where the currency is allied to the British £.

Holidays in Great Britain are a different matter. This year there will be 8,000,000 people who will be able to enjoy holidays with pay. The question is how to accommodate them. The resorts of Blackpool, Brighton, Southend, Margate, Bournemouth, Torquay, Scarborough, and so on, will be stretched to the uttermost, for in so many of these resorts there are so many hotels requisitioned by the Government. Billy Butlin's Holiday Camp Organisation will remove some of the pressure, but not all of it.

At the moment there is no organisation nor publication which can inform the bulk of the holiday-going public where to go, where to stay, what are the reasonable prices to pay, or what amenities are available. The dormant Travel Association of Great Britain (its staff consists of two persons—Messrs. Ellery and Steggles) has not been able to provide information on the subject. The Polytechnic is now issuing a series of folders about holidays in a number of resorts from Portmadoc to Barnstaple and from Dunoon to St. Ives, but that is private enterprise and the whole question of holidays for workers, whether the latter earn £3 10s. a week or £10,000 a year, is in a state of delightful flux.

The Travel Association still possesses a nest-egg of £30,000 from before the war and has, I gather, Government permission to draw another £15,000 or £20,000 to re-establish holiday travel in this country. Unfortunately, the Travel Association has as its official objective the attraction of visitors from Overseas to Great Britain. And the Association has the common sense to realise that if it were really wise it would announce to the world that wartime restrictions have such a lasting effect that visitors from abroad ought to be discouraged rather than encouraged. In this, as far as the United States is concerned, it may receive considerable support. Exit visas to Americans anxious to visit Great Britain were not issued for two years after the last war. The same length of time will probably elapse after the collapse of Japan.

This breathing space will be welcomed over here. It may give time for our hotels, restaurants, railway services, shipping companies and holiday resorts at least to provide amenities to 1939 standards and, possibly, improve them. Many of us during the war who have entertained American officers and men have been compelled in self-defence to point out that we would have given them a far better time, but for the war. It is equally true of the nation as a whole.

It might indeed be a highly intelligent gesture on the part of the Travel Association to follow the example of the Post Office campaign urging people not to send telegrams, and to advertise in the United States that this country does not want Americans to visit us until we can provide something like the attractions which we will be able to provide, say, in 1947. By then, we hope, the farce of austerity meals in restaurants will have ended; and our completely archaic licensing laws may have been modified in spite of temperance fanatics and, believe it or not, publicans and hotel proprietors.

At the moment there is no central directive for holidays in Great Britain, whether they are to be enjoyed by the British or by visitors from Overseas. The Travel Association, naturally enough, wants to emerge from its six years of hibernation. But the Catering Wages Commission has recently issued a report to the Minister of Labour and National Service in which it recommends the establishment of a national corporation to handle all tourism, somewhat on the lines of Switzerland. In Switzerland there are two important organisations—the National Association for the Promotion of Tourist Traffic and the Swiss Hotel Fiduciary Society—which have done invaluable work in developing the tourist and catering industries over here. In this country the position is very different. The catering industry is organised on a sectional basis by associations either local in character or representative of only a particular class of undertaking. There is no machinery to co-ordinate the various organisations, and it has become clear to the Catering Wages Commission that Great Britain tourism has lagged far behind that of other countries.

The travel agents, as a whole, take a poor view of the Travel Association of Great Britain and also of the suggested plans for the rehabilitation of the Catering Industry.

What is required is real imagination and real expenditure by the Government. Until goods can be sold Overseas, our most valuable export will be the invisible one of tourism. To do this it will be necessary to arrange organised trips to the various scenes of V-1, V-2 and Luftwaffe bomb damage; to arrange tours of the various parts of the country in which the American Army was billeted before D-Day; and to organise much more imaginative tours of the Lake District; the Sir Walter Scott country, and the other routine beauty spots in Great Britain.

In view of the strong feeling and weak food situation on the Continent, Great Britain has an excellent chance of going to the top of the class where the attraction of overseas visitors is involved. But a tremendous amount will have to be done to finance, rehabilitate and develop the catering and travel industries. Many hotels and taverns have enjoyed a remarkable wartime prosperity; others have suffered severely. There has been considerable damage to furniture and equipment from enemy action, and many owners who neglected to take advantage of the War Damage Private Chattels Scheme will now have to bear their loss themselves. Hundreds of hotels, too, have been requisitioned by the Government. In many cases, the premises have been left unoccupied and have thus suffered considerably; while furniture placed hastily in store has greatly deteriorated.

It looks as though we should imitate the Swiss Government, which formed a special company in 1932 to meet the situation which the world-wide trade and travel depression had created. The functions of the company were to advise and assist members of the hotel industry who were in financial difficulties, through no fault of their own, by carrying out amicable negotiations with the creditors and granting loans at low or even no interest.

The question in this country is how to raise a rehabilitation fund. Various suggestions have been made, including a tax of 1d. or 2d. per person per night sleeping in hotels and boarding-houses. This is estimated to yield a revenue of just under five hundred thousand pounds a year. There is also a suggestion that residential and non-residential establishments should pay, respectively, an annual fee of £2 and £1 per annum. This would amount to another three hundred thousand pounds a year. A registration fee of £1 per annum for all catering establishments would bring in another two hundred and twelve thousand, thus giving a round million pounds income.

That is all very well when the hotel industry is once again on its feet; but it is clear that large capital sums will be required for bulk purchase of linen, carpets and all the rest of it, immediately the war is over. Apart from the money aspect, there is the question of priority. If hotels and restaurants are put low on the list of importance by the Government, tourists will be flooding the country long before they can be properly accommodated, and, indeed, it is only natural that the Cabinet should decide to use all available labour for repairing existing private houses rather than hotels and boarding-houses.

It will be the business of the Travel Association to press the Government to release shipping as soon as possible for plying to the Isle of Man, the Isle of Wight and other resorts reached by sea. It will also have to press for the return of holiday trains, restaurant cars and the de-requisitioning of hotels. Altogether, the future of tourism in Great Britain seems highly fluid and confused.

At the moment the Department of Overseas Trade has been unable to give a clear lead on the subject of our invisible exports.

Personally, I would like to see the licensing hours beginning at 10 a.m. This would make a great difference to visitors from overseas and would bring us more in line with the Continent. What is more, it would not involve much extra drinking; on the other hand, it would need increased staff for licensed establishments. This, in turn, would help to absorb many of our troops when they return from the wars. The Army and the R.A.F. have both got plans for training officers and men for the catering industry.

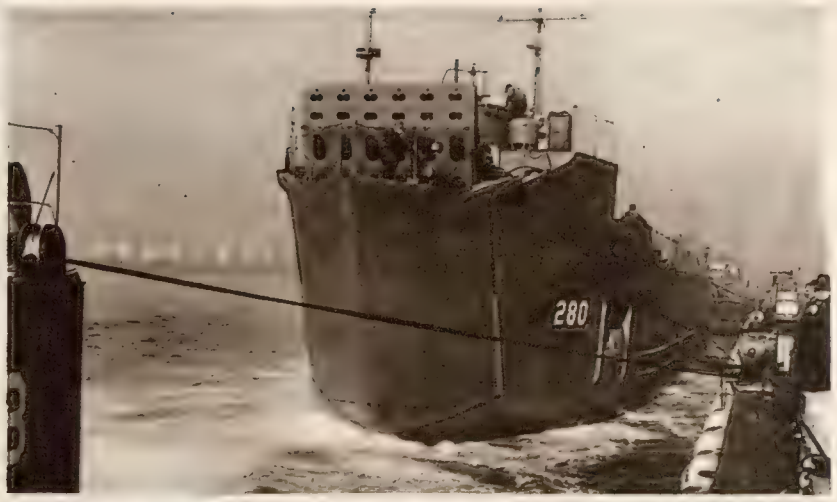
To conclude; Switzerland leads the world in tourism, and this country could not do better than to imitate her example in every possible way.

A NEW GIFT TO THE NATION—in Memory of an Airman: Captain Crawshay, of Llanfair Court, Abergavenny, has acquired, endowed and presented to the National Trust, for permanent preservation, the beautiful hill-top Coed-y-Bwnydd, also known as Coed Bonnet, between Abergavenny and Usk, some six miles from Abergavenny. The property consists of 25 acres of woodland commanding wide views, and the presentation is made in memory of the late Sergeant Arthur Owen, R.A.F., son of Mr. James Owen, of Llanfair Cilgeddin Church School, who was killed in a flying accident two years after he joined the R.A.F. Captain Crawshay had known him all his life, and regarded him almost as a son

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEW EQUIPMENT for the ALLIED WAR EFFORT

A JUNGLE HAMMOCK MADE ENTIRELY OF NYLON: This is a strong, synthetic, silk-like substance, used before the war for stockings and other purposes. The body of the hammock is made of insect-proofed netting, with a zipper release: the canopy, also of nylon, has been made waterproof



THE NEWEST TYPE OF LANDING SHIP, BUILT IN AN AMERICAN YARD: It is an L.S.M. (or Landing Ship, Medium), and it is here receiving its finishing touches at a shipyard on the East Coast. The hinged bows open to permit the lowering of a ramp, which protrudes forward on to the beach so that men and equipment can move ashore quickly

THE MOUNTAIN SLEEPING-BAG OF THE U.S. ARMY, for use in sub-zero weather: It is filled with down and feather, and the whole apparatus is secured by a zipper, which, when pulled up instead of down, automatically opens the entire length of the bag in in one quick jerk. Also included in this picture are a petrol-stove, a pot and a frying-pan, which all fold together into one unit; a canteen cup; and a box containing breakfast rations

A NEW, PLYWOOD PACK-BOARD for the U.S. infantryman: This is designed to carry odd-shaped loads. Different attachments hold specific articles, such as the mortar, machine-gun or water-can. Other articles seen here—all of which may be more easily carried if secured to the pack-board—are two duffel bags, an insulated container for hot food and a field-desk

A DIFFICULT SALVAGE TASK on a rock-bound coast: A giant, 60-ton floating crane, which broke away from the tug towing it during a storm and was driven high up on the rock-bound coast near a West Coast port, was salvaged by British and American soldiers who hoisted parts to the top of a 150-ft. cliff. Working night and day, the soldiers salvaged engines, winches, cables and all other parts that were removable

WAS IT A U-BOAT KILL? After a submarine is depth-charged, it is not always known if a kill has been made. Sometimes, however, hours afterwards, bits of it float to the surface and are taken to Headquarters for examination by experts. Here an enemy raft washed up on the coast is being examined by the C.-in-C. Western Approaches, Admiral Sir Max Horton (in centre). With him are Commander H. W. Falcon-Steward (on left) and Captain G. C. Colville (on right)

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THAT BACON BUSINESS.—A year or so ago I light-heartedly devised a new coat-of-arms for a public man whose name had been mentioned in connection with the unlawful sale of certain hogs'-flesh, contrary to food-rationing restrictions. Soon after, he gave a satisfactory explanation of the affair. My "coat of arms" was a boar rampant on an airfield improper, with the motto "*De l'audace et encore de l'audace*"—freely anglicised as "*Rasher* and *Rasher*." The coat clearly does not fit my victim. It does not fit any writer who, against all his better judgment, enters the lists, however timidly, of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. He will meet with many a bore rampant and will come to view his own action as *rasher* and *rasher*. Nevertheless, I shall put my head into the hornets' nest with a very few rambling observations on my own reactions to this hoary old controversy and mystery.

I am not one of those who declare that "'the play 's the thing'; that it doesn't signify who *wrote* Shakespeare. What matters is to *read* him." No great literature is impersonal to me. I can find out something of the mind of the master from his works, but that is not enough. I am agog for details of his private life, his appearance, his hobbies, his contemporary fame and material rewards. Biographies of men and letters never satisfy me on these points.

Of Shakespeare we know practically nothing at all; nothing about him but a single date would pass muster as "proof" in a British Petty Sessional Court; if that. Of Bacon we know a good deal, considering. Yet, expressing a purely personal view, the unknown, idealised or decried, personality of the man of Stratford is attractive, while the character of the great man of St. Albans has always repelled me. Whoever wrote "Shakespeare," I want him to be a character more attractive to me than Bacon, who was utterly unemotional by all accounts.

Ever since I could read, I have dreamed dreams of Shakespeare discoveries in the attics and in the covers of old books long hidden away. And I still hope for such discoveries throwing light on the identity and character and career of the author of the sonnets and plays and, as I hope, identifying him with the man of Stratford.

Cryptogramaniacs.—Meanwhile, in the absence of any proven facts, a large number of people continue to speculate, until many of them develop into cranks, bores or lunatics. Of the host of Baconians, only those who keep their heads and preserve a measure of restraint, impress me at all. The "sound and fury" of the fanatics are quite inexcusable, for they have indeed a rather strong case. The parallels between the writings of "Shakespeare" and of Bacon are indeed many and truly remarkable, and are only weakened by ill temper and exaggeration in collation. The maddest of all the Baconian host are no doubt the cryptogram fiends. Their ingenuity cannot be denied. They must convince every layman who is not aware of a curious fact: you can make a cryptogram out of any ten lines chosen haphazard from English literature, and make it "prove" anything you please, provided always you put the cryptogram cart before the horse by first spelling out the cryptogram message you want and afterwards devising the cryptogram "rules" or system. But Bacon, if indeed he put hidden messages into his "Shakespeare" writings, would have put the horse before the cart—a very different business. Therefore the system demands more scrutiny than the messages.

Of the notable Baconians still writing, Mr. R. L. Eagle is commendably restrained, and I confess he "almost persuades" me in his latest books, much against my will. I fancy Donnelly and Mrs. Gallup are now discredited for their exuberance, and Mr. l'Estrange Ewen, using a bludgeon to drive the man-in-possession out of court, alienates most juries at the start of his very learned argument. In the great trial, there are perhaps a score of "documents in the case" drawn from contemporary references long known or more recently discovered.

The Northumberland MS.—Of these documents, the flattering or envious references of contemporary poets comprise the largest part. Others to be named are the Southampton letter, James I's "letters patent" and the Northumberland MS. All three are open to suspicion. Mr. Ewen brands the Southampton letter as a patent forgery, and the "letters patent" as proof only that Shakespeare was an actor, which is not in dispute. Mr. Eagle declares that the Northumberland MS. is above suspicion, but such a declaration may need to be backed with strong proofs. I don't agree with him that the Bacon theory was not taken seriously before 1867, when this famous sheet was discovered in Northumberland House; and its authenticity needs the more to be proved by legal evidence since it is the "very moral" of what an expert forger would devise. It purports, as most people interested in this controversy know, to be a rough précis of documents contained in a packet of papers preserved at Northumberland House, in which Bacon was at one time *persona grata*. The sheet is scrawled with irrelevant jottings, including many "signatures" of Bacon and Shakespeare intermingled. It catalogues among its "contents" two plays of Shakespeare, which were found to be missing, and among the scrawls are some *hapax legomena*, or rare joke-words found in Shakespeare, with many another puzzle or proof identifying Bacon with the writings of Shakespeare.

Then there are the very many and remarkable passages in Shakespeare which reveal details obviously better known to Bacon than to any other contemporary writer, references to St. Albans, to the law, to foreign Courts and English, and so forth.

One of the sanest and coolest expositions by a non-partisan which I have read was contained in a biography or autobiography of the late Professor Jackson, of Cambridge. He made the good point that "common knowledge" in Shakespeare's day would to-day be regarded as "rare and curious" knowledge; and that sources of knowledge in those days were much restricted and therefore commoner to all the few who wished to acquire knowledge. That would account for a grammar-school rustic acquiring what we should to-day consider rare knowledge. Not that there is any proof that Shakespeare was a grammar-school boy; but a hack actor might well have had recourse to many of the books available to great scholars, for there were comparatively few *titles* available to any reader. That leads me to the famous parallel between Polonius' advice to Laertes and Burleigh's advice to his son. Mr. Eagle says Shakespeare could not have known of Burleigh's private advice, while Bacon might have. But other experts have assured me that England had laughed over these pearls of worldly wisdom before *Hamlet* was written. What is truth? I only know that "truth" in the Forum is a very different thing from truth accepted in a court of law, and that cool evidence and not vehemence is the trump-card for Baconians or Shakespeareans.

The Man in Possession.—The Baconians, when they are calm, can rock, and have positively rocked, the man of Stratford on his pedestal. But he has worse enemies. The early commentators have tried harder to prove that "Shakespeare was no poet" by their crass emendations of his text.

Let me as a tailpiece cite but one or two as a warning to wantons. Warburton did not appreciate the glory of

"And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

He preferred to "read": "Do paint the meadows *much bedight*"!

It was Warburton too who "preferred to read":

"It must follow as the *light* the day."

And Warburton also who "read":

"A motley fool! A miserable *varlet*"!

I should judge that no Baconian, however bitter against Shakespeare, ever did him so much harm as Warburton, disguised as a friend. Save me from my friends!

Meanwhile, and until all Baconian evidences are proved according to standards required in British law courts, I take confidence in the case for the *Man in Possession*, which is not so often ventilated. If Shakespeare could not have written Bacon, could or would Bacon have written much that is ascribed to Shakespeare? It is Bacon's intellectual dignity and greatness which knock his claims out of court.

Would a philosophical Lord Chancellor, who made a hobby of poetry or drama, have sowed his lines with smutty puns? Would Lord Haldane, or Lord Simon? Shakespeare, according to his friend and contemporary Ben Jonson, was a smutty, bawdy, jolly genius.

Bacon certainly wrote poetry, but not like Shakespeare's. No. As well might Crabbe have written *Lycidas*. Baconians can't have the best and reject the worst to suit their brief. And still for me possession is nine-tenths of the law—and of the law of probability. It is my prayer that these "shreds and patches" may by their very patchiness and amateurishness disarm the furious criticism of the fanatics.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

GAY ROSALINDA (Palace).—London is in for a very Straussy period just now. Even the music of the serious Strauss—the great Richard—has not been neglected; for the popular ballet *Everyman* is founded on three of his tone-poems. *Gay Rosalinda* is founded, of course, on the *Fledermaus* of jolly Johann, and there could be no better foundation. That foundation is the best part of the show (as it has always been), and as in this case it is conducted by so eminent an expert in the light music of Mittel Europa as Richard Tauber, although his name does not appear on the programme, which gives all the honour to Oscar Straus. Perhaps there is not very much of this, since there is not very much music. I had never before heard an operetta—if that is what this is—in which only one character sings anything at all and even the chorus is musically mute. However, that one character is beautiful Evelyn Laye, who not only sings well, but tackles with consummate success a part which requires acting. The story is a Milestones-ish affair of love in three periods—mid-Victorian, Edwardian and modern Hollywood—and is not without wit and charm, Mr. Esmond Knight wooing Miss Laye throughout. On the first night the dialogue was largely inaudible. Possibly matters have improved.

THE TENOR TURNED CONDUCTOR: A new role for Richard Tauber at the Palace Theatre. When *Gay Rosalinda*, an adaptation of *Die Fledermaus*, opened in London, Richard Tauber was seen in a new role—that of conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. It has been announced that he is to conduct at every performance. The three pictures given here were taken during rehearsals: they show the tenor-conductor in various moods as he runs through the score, and wearing his favourite costume—a zip-fastened siren suit

all is well. The singing, too, is good. Miss Ruth Naylor is a lovely soprano and Miss Irene Ambrus is pretty slick in the vocal fireworks line as Adele. Mr. Cyril Ritchard does not, I imagine, pretend to be a vocalist, but he deserves his popularity as a light comedian. Mr. James Etherington is a tenor new to me, and a first-rate one. But what silly rubbish the "book" of *Fledermaus* always seems to be, however many times it is rewritten and whoever rewrites it! People on the stage pretending to be drunk are always bores. And why is it supposed that a man does not recognise his wife (and on this the whole plot depends) merely because she wears a mask?

Three Waltzes (Princes).—The best waltz heard in this rather more subtle play is by Johann Strauss,

The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles (Arts).—I saw this Shaw play at the Malvern Festival in 1935. It has taken ten years to reach London. Some of the speeches in it seem to take about ten years to utter. If I were to tell you what it is all about, I would have to see it and read it again and again, and the whole of the space of at least one issue of THE SPHERE would be required. An unlikely prospect. Naturally, there is vast intelligence, with Shavian digs at most established institutions, notably the British Empire and the Church of England. Here Mr. Shaw goes one stage farther than the present stage craze for comic parsons, and shows us a comic angel, wings and all. One does not need to be a religious prig to dislike blasphemy.

THE SOUTHEND FUN-FAIR RETURNS FROM "COLD STORAGE." Paddling-boats, fun-fair figures, etc., being taken back to Southend from the orchard where they were stored at the beginning of the war : In the early part of the war, the small paddling-boats and fun-fair vehicles were taken out of Southend and stored away in surrounding orchards, as the town expected heavy fighting should the invasion of the Thames Estuary take place. Many thousands of pounds' worth have been lying in disused cowsheds and orchards for four years. Now, as the town is to resume holiday fun-fairs, these are being brought back. As no labour is available, the fun-fairs are run by the owners and their friends at the week-ends and evenings only

THE CARE OF HOMELESS CHILDREN IN BRITAIN : The Committee, recently appointed by the Home Secretary, met on Tuesday, March 13. A Committee has been appointed, to report on the care of homeless children, by Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, Mr. H. U. Willink, the Minister of Health, and Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education. The Committee is set up to look into the existing methods of providing for children who, from loss of parents or from any cause whatever, are deprived of a normal home-life with their own parents or relatives, and to consider what further measures should be taken to ensure that these children are brought up under conditions best calculated to compensate them for the lack of parental care. This was announced in the House of Commons on February 22. In this picture, members of the Committee are seen beginning their task : From right to left round the table are : Miss Myra Curtis (chairman) ; Mr. G. T. Milne, joint secretary ; Miss Lucy Fildes ; Mr. S. O. Walmsley ; Mrs. F. G. A. Temple and Mr. Henry Salt

COAL MINE and SLATE QUARRY

And Other Pictures from the English Home Front

WHERE BRITAIN'S SLATE SUPPLY ORIGINATES : Twelve of the twenty-two galleries at the Penrhyn Slate Quarry—the largest in the world. It is shaped like a Roman amphi-theatre, and lies high up among the mountains of North Wales

THE FIRST OPERATION AFTER BLASTING is to trim the blocks of slate, as a preliminary to packing them into trucks for sending to the dressing sheds : Most things in North Wales seem to be made of slate. Much of the slate comes from the mountains of North Wales, where the Penrhyn Slate Quarry lies. It is the largest in the world, an enormous excavation a mile and a quarter long, three-quarters of a mile wide and a quarter of a mile deep. Slates have been taken from the Penrhyn Quarry for hundreds of years. Historians say the thirteenth-century Conway and Caernarvon Castles were originally roofed with it. Slate from the quarries comes in all colours —red, blue, purple, grey and green. It is completely proof against acid, weather and water ; durability is testified by the original slate roof on St. Asaph Cathedral, still in excellent condition after 250 years of exposure to the weather

On left—**MINERS LEARNING TO WORK A SELF-LOADING SHAKER CONVEYOR : The hewn coal is loaded by the shovel and then carried away to the main conveyor-belt by the shaker conveyor**

Twenty years ago a powerful, truck-like machine was busy clearing snow off the streets of America. Someone had a brain-storm. "Why," he said, "a machine like that could get coal." It could. And does. For that original bulldozer of snow has been transformed into a marvellous contrivance for loading coal in American mines and, what to us is more important, has now been imported into the British coalfield to help solve the eternal problem of more production. The Ministries of Labour and Fuel joined forces to establish, at Sheffield (the focal centre of the Yorkshire coalfield), a place where miners could learn to cope with the advancing mechanisation of the pits. A warehouse was commandeered. Its ground floor was made into a rough reproduction of pit galleries. And now miners, mostly young men, come from all parts of the country to become acquainted with the new tools of their trade. The miners are taught to become skilled mechanics and electricians, able to effect minor repairs to the machines

On right—**UNDERGROUND TRANSPORT is provided by a shuttle car which, driven by 98-volt batteries, carries 5 tons of coal and can be emptied with ease in 30 seconds**

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER

—But the Captain is Now a Commodore

With Reviews of Other New Novels—Mostly of Mystery and Murder

THERE 'S a new Cheyney and a new Forester this week, which is my idea of one kind of good news. The Cheyney first, on strictly alphabetical reasoning. **SINISTER ERRAND** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) introduces a new sleuth, looking a little like George Raft, but otherwise in the true Lemmy Caution-Mr. Callaghan tradition. He is tough, he is irresistibly attractive, and he is an almost incessant drinker of spirits, from which last one might also gather that he is a very talented shopper.

This Mr. Kells' adventures are set in the height (or depth) of the flying-bomb period, and he is chiefly concerned with the activities of a German gang, one of "Himmler's External Sections," who are reporting the exact location of flying-bomb hits to their busy little colleagues in Germany. In the course of this, a friend of Mr. Kells' is murdered, and he is given an added incentive—as if a man like that needed one—to catch the spies.

In the end, he both catches and despatches them in his own forthright manner and goes on his way rejoicing with the prettiest of the four pretty ladies. And very nice, too. M.I.5 please note.

As for Mr. C. S. Forester's contribution, it 's a new Hornblower story, and that to the *cognoscenti* should be enough. For the benefit of the two or three people and the child who haven't yet read any book in this superb series, I will explain that Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N., is the hero, and the very original and likeable hero, of a number of exploits at sea during the Napoleonic Wars. He is amazingly brave, though often sick with fright. He is a magnificent seaman, and generally diffident and self-depreciatory. He is humbly born, and marries the Duke of Wellington's sister. And he could never be described—least of all by Mr. Forester—as a good-looking chap.

Captain Hornblower, in other words, is the most credible of creations, and one for whom we feel positive affection. In the new novel, **THE COMMODORE** (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), he is shown in somewhat restless retirement in the English countryside with his wife and child, but on the eve of being summoned back by their Lordships of the Admiralty to be given a command in the Baltic, with the rank of Commodore.

Despite his love for his Barbara, despite the new and unfamiliar store of golden guineas at Messrs. Coutts, Captain Hornblower sets out a happy man. His new command consists of his own ship, "a seventy-four," two sloops, two bomb-ketches and a cutter, and the year is 1812. He sets sail from Deal in squally weather and makes north-east for just the kind of trouble his heart prefers.

It is the first phase of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and Mr. Forester is too good a writer to stress the parallels between that and the recent situation. Instead, he uses the device of straightforward narrative, and lets us make our own conclusions. They are easy enough to make. Napoleon is the aggressor, the Tsar the defender of his country's soil. England is Russia's friend, her attitude clearly summarised in a letter to Captain Hornblower from the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

"You will, of course, take all necessary steps to render all the assistance in your power to our new ally." The words might have been written to the commodore of a Murmansk convoy and, then as now, acted upon. I don't know whether my recommendation can add anything to the book's appeal, but in any case I give it without reserve.

There is a husband-and-wife situation in **WAIT FOR MRS. WILLARD** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) that is almost worthy of the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, and, as in many of the best novels, it is revealed in the first few lines.

"'I 'd like my library card, Charles,' said Mrs. Willard. It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning, but she was breathing hard. Her husband, as usual, noticed nothing.

"'Certainly, dear,' he replied, turning with a gleam of his glasses to remove it from the edge of his bedroom mirror. 'When you 've taken out the books, you will remember to give it back to me so that I can keep track of the date, won't you?'"

It seems to me that that brief passage tells one a lot. In fact, everything that it is necessary for a reader to know before he takes sides and settles down to a pleasantly objective struggle. Mr. Willard is a prig and a petty bully and possibly physically unattractive. Mrs. Willard may be naturally timid, but she has learned strength of character—probably the hard way. There is no hint of, nor any necessity for, over-writing here. Miss Dorothy Langley can write well enough to achieve and to stress her effects without that.

They say that slavery was abolished in 1807. That, of course, is absurd, since one meets slaves everywhere. For a long time Mrs. Willard had been one, and this light but not trivial novel is the story of her own emancipation. It has wit, it has humanity, and it has a blessedly sure touch.

THE VISITOR (Gollancz. 5s.) is a very short and very good detective-story. I would think so even if I hadn't already had the publisher's word for it. In point of fact, it is one of those stories which appear neither brief nor long, so exactly is its compass suited to its content. Mr. Carl Landau and Mr. Leane Zugsmith (the latter of whom wrote one of the most poignant short stories I have ever read) have collaborated on this story of a boy who disappeared from a small American town and whose best friend was suspected of his murder.

There was never any body, and never any proof, and one day a few years later the boy came back, or somebody whom the mother took to be her lost son. Was he the same boy, with disconcerting lapses of memory? Or was he a double, carefully coached in detail for some inexplicable but sinister purpose? And the ex-chief of detectives who brought the boy back to his home, he was known to be a gambler and very much in debt. Surely the $7,000 reward was almost too providential? Yet he 'd always been a friendly, human sort of person, not the kind you would expect to take part in a cruel deception. Or was he? This is real ingenuity, not the cheap mechanics of it. Recommended with enthusiasm.

To be paradoxical, the trouble with Mr. John Brophy's new novel, **PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY** (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is that it is scarcely a novel at all. There is a slender little story, but the book is far more an interesting and at times even fascinating treatise on the art of picture-buying, the detection of painting fakes and the whole involved machinery by which dealers in old pictures bid against each other.

If this is the way it really is, and I must say it all has a note of authenticity, then the acquisition of a painting, even a moderately valuable one, is something to be approached with the most extreme caution. I see, too, that I have been absolutely foolhardy in the past, in the few purchases of that kind I have made, though that is neither here nor there!

Mr. Brophy's principal character is Richard Flint, who, I 'm afraid, deserves the colourless epithet of "a nice young man." He works as secretary for an elderly and malicious dilettante, who underpays him and profits by his natural good taste and diligently-acquired education, in the matter of choosing pictures for his collection. The older man recognises chiefly the snob appeal in a painting; the artist of the moment or the old reputation lately regilded. The young man only the intrinsic merits of the painting and draughtsmanship. Between them, and on this Jack Sprat basis, they make a very pretty collection.

All this, and the foibles of the dealers themselves, the ruses employed at auction sales, the tricks of over-painting and picture forgery are quite extraordinarily absorbing to read, given that you have even an amateur's interest in the art, and are not twitching with eagerness to learn how Richard Flint's pale little love-story is developing.

THE FIRST "BRAINS TRUST" OF THE BOOK TRADE: This group, photographed on the platform in the Assembly Hall of the Royal Empire Society, in Craven Street, in the Strand, met on March 1. Before an audience which included representatives of all branches of the trade, these men debated the subject of "Books—their place in the post-war world." Reading from left to right are the following: Malcolm Savile (author); Harold Raymond (publisher); Leonard Russell (literary editor); A. W. Brockwell (sales representative); H. M. Wilson—question-master (Vice-Chairman of the London branch of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland); J. G. Wilson (bookseller); the Hon. Andrew Shirley (commercial lending librarian); Lionel McColvin (public librarian); and Arnold M. Muirhead (book buyer)

THE BLAKE MEMORIAL IN THE ABBEY: This tablet to the memory of Admiral Robert Blake was executed by Gilbert Ledward, R.A., and has been erected in the South Choir Aisle of Westminster Abbey. It was dedicated by the Dean during Evensong on February 27 and was unveiled by Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK 1945 (77th Annual issue).—This invaluable record and reference book has once again made its welcome appearance. There have been a number of serious delays in the production of the new edition, commencing with the flying-bomb attacks as far back as last July, and although publication date was fixed for March 7, complete distribution was not achieved until a week or so after that date. The postponement of publication has, however, enabled the Editor to include a New Year's Honours List as a supplement to the Index. The Diary of the War, forming with its predecessors a continuous story of Allied effort, records the Morocco and Teheran Conferences, the resolute Soviet advance, the Anzio and Normandy landings, the freeing of Rome, Paris, Brussels and Athens, the invasion of Germany and the victories in the Western Pacific and South-East Asia. Many new articles are included to keep inquirers abreast of the times, while Science and Invention, Literature, Theatres and Films and Sport find their accustomed places. The usual three editions are published: the Complete Edition, cloth-bound, with 1,052 pages at 10s. net; the Shorter Edition, paper-bound, with 704 pages at 6s. net; and the Library Edition, which will not be ready until later in March, containing a special section of up-to-date coloured maps, and bound in leather at 21s. net. All these, particularly the last, are likely to be in short supply

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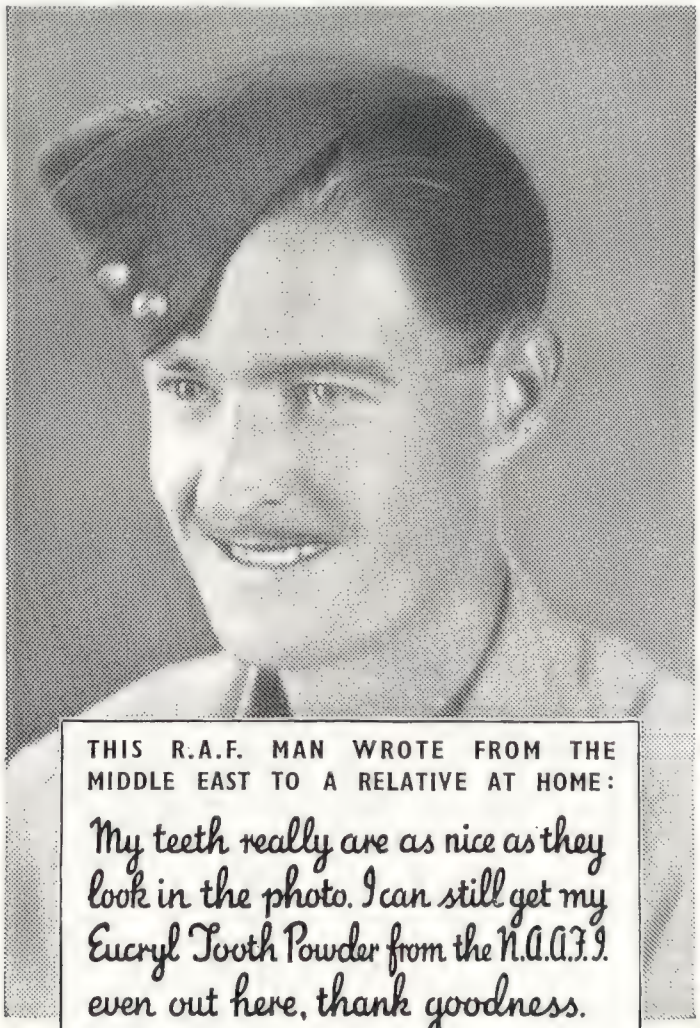

THIS R.A.F. MAN WROTE FROM THE MIDDLE EAST TO A RELATIVE AT HOME:

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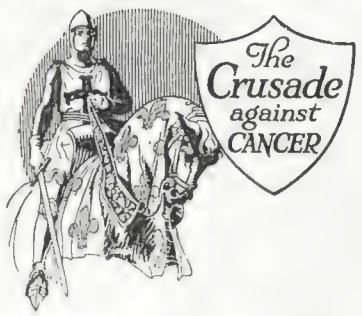

An Epic Struggle

Not until the History of Cancer comes to be written will the noble part played by The Royal Cancer Hospital in combatting this malignant disease be fully appreciated. The loyalty of our helpers, the steadfastness of our workers, the progressive triumphs, the struggle against rising costs with a limited income—*what an epic this will make!* Have you shared in it? More pertinently —WILL YOU? Every day brings us nearer to the goal of full discovery of the causes of Cancer. Help us to continue unfalteringly on our way. Please send a donation NOW.

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IMPORTANT. If you wish to send parcels to a particular prisoner please attach details.

To Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., *Hon. Director, and* Lord Aberdare, *Chairman.*
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS AND GAMES FUND
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NAME.....
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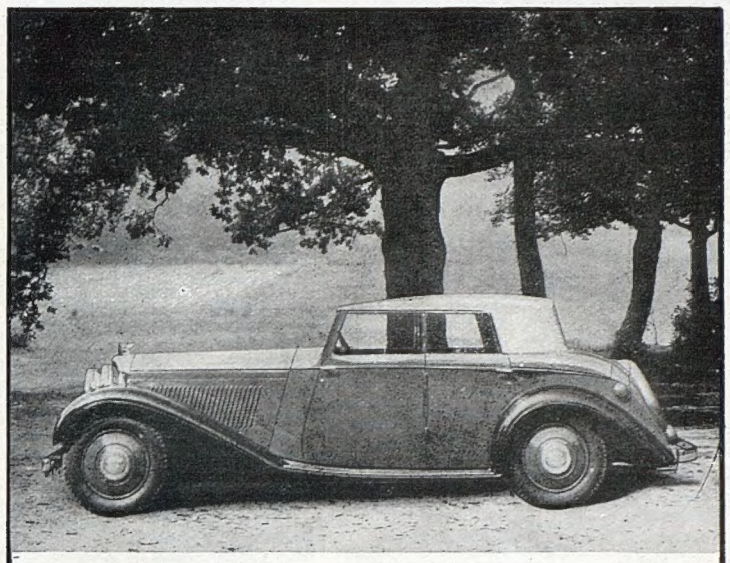

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GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, JOEL STREET, PINNER, MIDDLESEX

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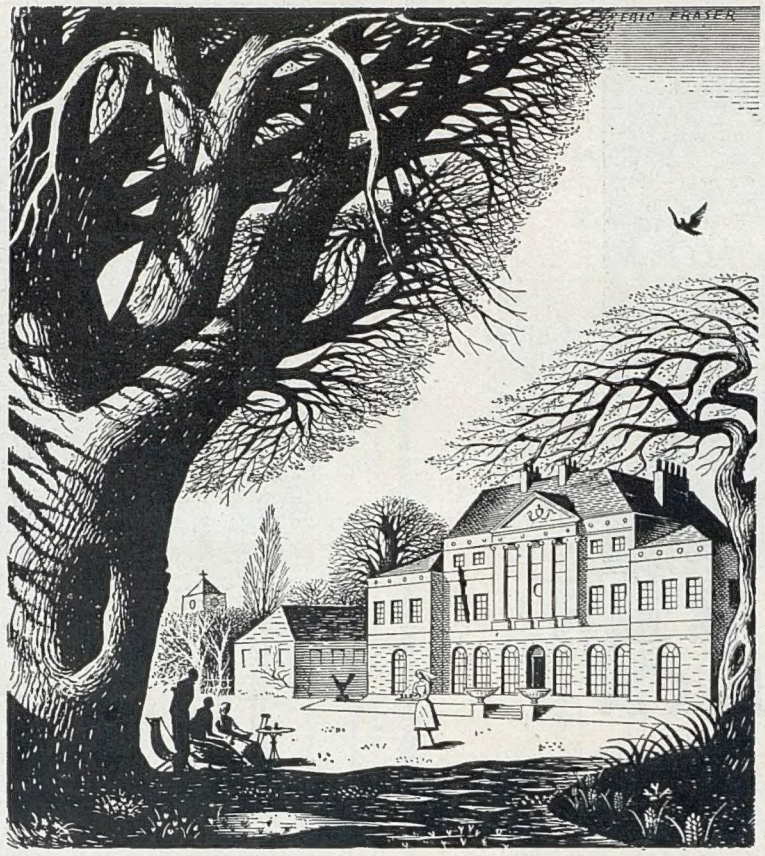

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Gentlemen, "The King"

Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast. Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that of The Gloucester Regiment — the old 28th Foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King" the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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